

# THE PACIFIC



Volume LII.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 26, 1902.

Number 26.

## Service.

ONE taper lights a thousand—yet doth beam  
No dimmer, giving all, but losing naught.  
By one faint glimmering taper, light is brought  
To altar candles, many-branched, that gleam  
Against high-vaulted chancel-roofs, and stream  
Through painted panes with vivid splendors fraught,  
And shine on effigies of saints, fair-wrought,  
Whose folded hands forever praying seem.

These two things have I known; and this beside—  
Fire kindled by a failing flame, which died  
That self-same moment. Lord, my flame burns low—  
Great fires are kindled by a feeble spark—  
Let thy poor taper lighten some, whose glow  
Shall bless the world when I am cold and dark!

—*Sunday Magazine.*

# THE PACIFIC

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The separation between earth and heaven is a narrow partition, and death is but the swinging of the door. The dead are living, more truly living than we.—Lyman man Abbott.

It is almost as presumptuous to think you can do nothing as to think you can do everything.—Brooks.

Two wrongs never make one right.

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# THE PACIFIC

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San Francisco, Cal.

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

Thursday, June 26, 1902.

## Lead Them Home.

Lord, we can trust Thee for our holy dead;  
They, underneath the shadow of Thy tomb,  
Have entered into peace; with bended head  
We thank Thee for their rest, and for our lightened gloom.

But, Lord, our living—who on stormy seas  
Of sin and sorrow still are tempest-tossed!  
Our dead have reached their haven, but for these—  
Teach us to trust Thee, Lord, for these our loved and lost!

For these we make our passion-prayer by night;  
For these we cry to Thee throughout the day.  
We see them not—oh, keep them in Thy sight!  
From them and us be Thou not far away.

And if not home to us, yet lead them home  
To where Thou standest at the heavenly gate,  
That so from Thee they shall not further roam:  
And grant us patient hearts Thy gathering time to wait.

—Sunday Magazine.

## Mr. Kruttschnitt's Order.

"Bars" on the ferry-boats of the Southern Pacific Co. must go. So Mr. Kruttschnitt has decreed. The reconstructed "Newark" has no provision for the sale of liquors, and the proprietors of bars on other boats have been notified to remove them upon ten days' notice. Their space is needed, the manager says, for the restaurants. Two years ago similar action was taken and justified by cogent reasons, centering on the safety of the traveling public. At that time the wholesale liquor-dealers appealed from Mr. Kruttschnitt to President Harriman, threatening withdrawal of patronage in case the offensive regulation was not repealed. That, or something else, effected the nullification of the decree, and tippling has gone on from that day to this without restriction. The present re-enactment of the obnoxious rule has been followed by another protest from the wholesale dealers, backed by the threat of the loss of all their patronage, amounting to \$1,000,000, or more, a year. It is to be hoped, however, that this time the whole matter has been so thoroughly canvassed that the ordinance will stand and be thoroughly enforced.

This action of the liquor-dealers is contemptible—not so much their protest as their accompanying threat. Liquor-selling is their business, the loss of which they could not be expected to regard with favor. It is a legitimate business in their own view,

and in the view of not a few others who are respected as good citizens. But the saloon feature stands on quite another ground. For it, and emphatically for these floating tippling places, there is not even a specious excuse. They are, on the contrary, a menace both to public morals and public safety. One need be neither a prohibitionist, a total abstainer, nor an out-and-out foe of the liquor traffic, in order to condemn the saloon as an enemy to social order and to individual well-being. He needs only ordinary intelligence and decent morals.

Yet, for the sake of personal pecuniary profit, these wholesale dealers will fight to perpetuate the murderous grip of their proteges upon the throat of society. They will even threaten to "go for" the corporation which dares to limit their sales by restriction made necessary by their obligations as public carriers. Such selfishness is cruel and detestable. Their spirit ought to be condemned, and their plans thwarted. That familiar academic motto, "Nulla vestigia retrosum" (No backward steps), would be a good one for Mr. Kruttschnitt and the company at this juncture. In the end, we are very sure, it will be money in the pocket to stand firm. For in doing so they will have the powerful backing of sympathy and prayer of a large constituency of good men and women. They may count upon the divine favor also; and God is a factor which it is folly to ignore in the solution of business problems. Providence is, after all, the decisive force, and Providence is always on the side of the right.

\* \* \*

Since the above paragraphs were in the printer's hands, we have read Mr. Kruttschnitt's explanation of his order, as applying only to liquors sold over the bar, and not to wines or other liquors served in connection with food at the restaurant tables. Also the threatening protest of the wholesale liquor and cigar dealers' protest.

As to the latter, it seems necessary only to refer, as evidence of unfairness, (1) to its euphemism "wine," as covering the main contention, which is, the stronger, distilled liquors; (2) to its erroneous statement that no similar restriction is placed upon public bars on any other line of bay ferry boats, knowing, while they did so, that the Santa Fe Company already has such in

force; (3) that their sales, on their own showing, foot up many millions of dollars; and (4) that, professing to see a moral purpose behind Mr. Kruttschnitt's plea of room for restaurant service, they propose to punish him to the extent of \$1,000,000 a year for carrying out what he deems his solemn obligations to the traveling public. If that is not dastardly, we confess ourselves unable to imagine what is to be so regarded.

As to Mr. Kruttschnitt's proposed regulation, we have to say that, while we could wish it might have gone further, and excluded all forms of liquor selling, yet that he has laid his hand on what is by all odds its worst feature, and removed the temptation in its worst form from his employes, and from the traveling public during the most critical hours of their day. For this he deserves, and for this we hope he will receive, the *expressed*, not less than the *real*, gratitude of every philanthropist.

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#### Gideon's Band.

An editor of the Chicago Daily News tells of being introduced to a man wearing a button having the peculiar device of a pitcher impressed upon it. Asking the explanation, he was told that his informant was a commercial traveler, and that the button is the badge of an organization of Christian men in that line of business, banded together for the promotion of commercial integrity, and for the Christian service of their fellow-men, constituting themselves a kind of ministry at large. There are, this gentleman said, 2,500 commercial travelers belonging to this order.

In this connection, another business man, intimately acquainted with the facts, declares that of 375,000 commercial travelers in the United States, 150,000 are professing Christians. All this is most inspiring intelligence. For there is much the same interest attaching to these men as to the seafaring class. That is to say, they are characteristically young men, or at least in the vigor of manhood; their religious disabilities are great; their temptations many and aggravated; and their general reputation not favorable to vital Christian living. But, on the other hand, they, like sailors, like all whose callings necessitate a roving, homeless life, are apt to be open-handed and generous, sympathetic with suffering, often lonely, craving friendship and ready to respond to the personal touch of "men of like passions with themselves."

As a class, moreover, they appeal very strongly to the sympathies of every Christlike man. And yet, until very recently, they have seemed to be so far outside of the world in which most of us live, that the sympathy honestly felt for them has not found practical expression in active fraternal effort. The figures given above show that the tide in this respect has turned; that people are losing their fear of a "drummer" as impervious to religious impressions; that they are beginning to labor distinctly and heartily to remove the obstacles from their pathway and to draw these men into the way of positive, institutional Christian life.

Along with this movement on the part of Christian people, there has been noted an improvement on the other side. The commercial man of today is, in many respects, different and of a higher type than the "drummer" of a dozen or fifteen years ago. His methods are better and he is less in danger from the temptations which still throng his way, and which are inseparable from a life so largely upon the road.

The testimony of our pastors, moreover, is that they are more often found among attendants at Sunday worship and in the place of social prayer. The statistics quoted above show also that their hearing has not been in vain. Over one-third of them all are the open followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. Nearly 3,000 of them are banded together in the spirit of Gideon's God, pledged to make their influence felt on the character of their fellow-travelers, and on the Christianization of all business.

To sum up what has now been said or implied: (1) Commercial travelers, as a class, ought to have a place closer to the hearts of all those who love their fellow-men. (2) The changes already effected are full of encouragement to fraternal Christian effort. (3) With all that has been gained their disabilities and temptations are great; and earnest sympathetic prayer, both public and private ought continually to ascend to God in their behalf.

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#### The Future of the Temperance Movement.

The temperance cause is certainly advancing. It has never enlisted in its advocacy so many co-operating forces as at present. Never has it taken such powerful hold on the public conscience; nor have its relations to other than moral interests been seen to be so many and so vital. Business men and corporations are now ranging themselves as never before among its advocates. Temperance and this, in its extremest form, as total abstinence, is seen to be good business policy. Railroads and steamship and many other great industries are realizing that, as a purely business proposition, the use of intoxicants is to be condemned. They are being forced into more and more stringent regulations regarding it. Where it is not absolutely forbidden, preference is given to total abstainers.

Very significant in this connection is banishment of the traffic in alcoholic beverages from the Elks' Carnival in Oakland, with the comment thereon in the Oakland Enquirer. "It has usually been considered necessary," says this writer, "to have a very generous proportion of beer gardens, bars and other drinking resorts in order to insure the success of such undertakings. Oakland has demonstrated that all these features can be eliminated, and that a greater success can be obtained without them than with them." The success of that enterprise, which was carried on throughout last week, has been surprising even to the most optimistic promoters, and what is most cheering is that it has been altogether free from features and incidents objectionable to any good citizen.

Saloon-keepers themselves put a premium upon temperance in their bar-tenders. Even our city councils are forced to treat the saloon business as dangerous to society and restrict it to districts where it can be watched. Like leprosy-tainted victims, the business must be kept away from the vicinity of homes and schools and polling places on election days. Its best-known friends have to treat it as a nuisance whose injuries must be rendered as small as possible. Out of their own mouths its condemnation is uttered.

It looks indeed as if a shrewd commercialism were henceforth to enter the lists and battle for temperance. The coming victory may owe its sustaining inspiration to religion, but the conflict itself is to be waged by the forces of morals combined with those of self-protection and business sagacity. The lesson ought to be heeded. It is a winning cause. And the doubtful had better hurry up if they want to stand well in the end. For pretty soon all the better elements of society will be tumbling over each other to get into line, and to prove that they had always stood there.

### Notes and Personals.

Rev. C. C. Cragin and family are spending their vacation at Pacific Grove. Meanwhile, repairs of the church are being made.

Rev. R. C. Day left San Francisco last week for Fairhaven, Washington, in response to a call from Superintendent Scudder for the church work at that place.

Commencement week at Pomona College opens with the baccalaureate address by Pres. Gates, followed by prize contest in extemporaneous speaking and debate, class-day exercises, etc., on succeeding days.

The address before the Monday Club was by Secretary Harrison, an exceedingly interesting report of the recent anniversary of the C. H. M. S. at Syracuse, followed by "notes and comments" of the brethren present.

Rev. W. H. Atkinson is resting at Etna, supplying the pulpit of our Congregational church in exchange with his son, Rev. George E. Atkinson. Last Sunday evening he lectured on the caste system in India.

Rev. Mac H. Wallace has returned to his home at Eugene, Oregon, feeling that the work of his church demanded that he make his vacation a brief one. His sermons in the Third church in this city we hear spoken of as interesting and able.

According to Mr. Alexander Johnson, Superintendent of a Home for the Feeble Minded, an authority on the subject, fully seventy-five per cent of the imbeciles and idiots in the country inherit their disabilities from parents addicted to alcoholic liquors.

Rev. H. C. Minton, D.D., Professor of Systematic Theology in San Anselmo Seminary, and pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Berkeley, accepts the call of the First Presbyterian church of Trenton, N. J. After a vacation in the mountains he will depart for his new field of labor about the first of August. He will be greatly missed.

Rev. A. W. Hare will spend the month of July in Oakland, ministering to his former Oak chapel flock. Mr. Hare has introduced some new features into the worship of his present church at Fresno. He has undertaken the charge of musical service, and himself directs the choir. Also, for summer evenings, instead of wor-

shiping within doors the congregation is gathered upon the lawn, the singing being led by a piano placed by an open window.

The Rev. Harry Perks of Adin, Modoc county, asks that any Sunday-schools having picture rolls or cards to spare send them to him by mail, for distribution among the families visited by him in his work. He says that the people seem to prize a picture or a card, and that something of this kind often opens up the way for a gospel talk. He remarks that in some of the homes in his field common newspapers are used for wall paper, and that a Sunday-school picture makes a good and helpful contrast.

The reports by Chaplain Rowell of his mission to seamen are always interesting; more than this, they are valuable as gospel tracts. That for the past year, just laid upon our table, is no exception to the rule. It is brave and cheery, like its venerable author, whose virility is an illuminating commentary on the psalmist's words that those who are planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God, still bringing forth fruit in old age. Such has been the story of this forty-second year. Almost every week has brought its tale of souls converted and brought into the kingdom of Christ. "Of the more than 5,300 souls hopefully led to Christ in our Mariners' church" during its history, the Chaplain adds, "not one has been so led by an evangelist or in a so-called revival, but all by personal effort—persuasion and prayer."

Mr. John Mitchell, President of the United Mine Workers of America, has sent forth a reply to the recent statement of the affiliated mine owners, in the matter of the strike now going on. If this address of Mr. Mitchell is fair (and it shows every indication of being so), then the case of the miners is morally impregnable, and ought to enlist the sympathies of every philanthropist, the prayers of every Christian, and the active support of every one who can lift an ounce. That the miners are the most insufficiently paid of any class of workmen, in view of the hardships of their toil and perils to life and limb involved, in view also of the enormous profits secured to their employers, cannot be seriously doubted. Mr. Mitchell's temperate, straightforward presentation of the miners' complaints, coupled with his plea for arbitration, is in most honorable contrast to the contemptuous, disingenuous statement of the mine owners, whose last brutal rejoinder, asserting the falsity of the miners' claims (but not disproving nor fairly answering the definite charges) is most discreditable to them as business men. Their absolute refusal to submit the case to arbitration is simply brutal. It belongs to the opening of the nineteenth century instead of the twentieth.

It is so pleasant to acknowledge things that are excellent that we take occasion to revert once more to the Street Fair of Oakland, which closed on Saturday last. We alluded last week to the decorous observance of the Sabbath, the exclusion of liquor selling from the grounds, and the general propriety which characterized all its conduct. We have now to bear grateful witness to its continuance under these healthful restrictions to its very close. There remain as few regrets as would seem possible in such an enterprise. Over 132,000 paid admissions were recorded during the seven days of its continuance. The throngs were uniformly orderly, the fun was innocent and attended with only so much of noise as was befitting; there was no general masking, with its inevitable excesses; and at twelve

o'clock Saturday night the festivities were brought to a close with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and appropriate exercises. The courteous and appreciative remission of all ground tax or commission for the benevolent and charitable organizations was another graceful act resulting in practically swelling their receipts many hundred dollars. And for the Elks themselves it is pleasant to know that the net profits will be between \$1,200 and \$1,500. *Haec fabula docet*, that "an open house" is not necessary for success in public celebrations in California.

A private letter from Rev. Philip Coombe is so breezy and cheery that it must be shared with other friends of our beloved brother. Writing from Ferndale, he says: "I am having a good time, after having a rough sea trip. It did me good to ride into the hills yesterday, and bring in a band of wild horses. I was alone and the horses went into every gate they found open, and down every road they could dodge into from the way in which they should go. How beautiful they looked. I love them. It is worth something to see them run, even when they are outrunning you. The country is lovely in its natural scenery, of hill and valley, of forest and fruit tree. The cherries and strawberries and raspberries and logan berries and thimble berries and salmon berries are ripe. I was into the cherry trees at five o'clock in the morning the first day and the first chance. Tomorrow I am to drive thirty miles to the wedding that brought me here, and which is to take place on the 21st. It is nice to meet old friends and to believe that they are glad to see you, to be greeted cordially even by a saloon-keeper, and to remember that some of this class asked you to be a minister to them in their need. I sometimes think that every sinner should be more pitied than condemned, and that every human heart needs more than anything else forgiveness, sympathy and encouragement."

As we go to press the whole civilized world stands in suspense, with eyes fixed upon that room in London where the forces of life and of death contend for the person of England's King. The best that medical science can do is enlisted on the side of recovery. And yet, how powerless human skill stands before the mystery of death! Now naught avails but prayer to the Giver of life, to avert, if it may be, the threatening blow, while still in the spirit of the true King of men we add, "Nevertheless, not as we will, but as Thou wilt." May the consolations of God abound in this hour of need, to the royal sufferer, to the gracious woman, his consort, and to the whole English people!

A peculiarly winsome personality has endeared King Edward to his subjects. Even those who have condemned some features of his earlier life most severely have confessed the charm which he threw over his companions. He has been full of that tact which characterized his father, and his manner of dealing with embarrassing situations has aroused the highest hopes of a wise and peaceful administration. His conduct during the year of his reign has been such as to relieve fear and encourage expectation that the court of England, under him and his beloved Queen, would not lose aught of its social purity, nor his reign be lacking in statesmanship.

The present number of the Pacific is prepared as the California C. E. Union is in session at Santa Cruz. May the theme of the Convention address—"Not Self but Christ"—give tone to all its proceedings, and become the inspiration to life during the succeeding year. For this let us all pray.

### An Experiment with a Liturgy.

Rev. Geo. E. Street, D.D., Phillips Church, Exeter, N. H.

[Read before the San Diego California Association of ministers and churches.]

It was on board a tourist car between El Paso and Yuma. Our long train, headed for the Pacific, halted no more for Sunday than would a ship at sea. Yet I hoped the day would be recognized in some way, and my hopes were met by a young lawyer of the company, who proposed that I should hold a service, adding, "My wife and I are Episcopalians and we have our prayer and hymn-books, but we should be glad to unite with you in such worship as you may prefer." Borrowing his prayer-book, with which from schooldays I was familiar, and getting permission of the conductor, announcement was made through the car.

All quickly responded, among them cultured people from Washington and a colony of earnest Methodist lumbermen from Georgia. Amid the rattle of wheels and the swaying of the car, we sang the Doxology; then read from the prayer-book the call for worship in the ninety-fifth Psalm, and the exhortation to confession with the Confession itself, nearly all joining. "Nearer, My God, to Thee" was then sung, our desert surroundings lending peculiar vividness to this paraphrase of Jacob's experience at lonely Bethel. The Scripture selection was from our Lord's words in Matthew on our Father's care, which was followed by a brief address on the blessedness of manifesting the Christ spirit in the new scenes we were to enter, both as our confession of the Master and as a test and revealer of the same spirit in others and perhaps strangers. This led on to the spontaneous prayer of gratitude and trust for coming days.

Reopening the prayer-book there followed the prayers for "all sorts and conditions of men," of "general thanksgiving" and of "St. Chrysostom" and the benediction.

Never have I held a service which apparently awakened more sympathetic feeling, or that elicited warmer approval afterwards. The young lawyer in particular was much touched and in an earnest conversation deprecated the exclusiveness of his church and all barriers that kept Christian people apart.

The incident, which has no doubt been duplicated in the journeys of other ministers, is not worth this public mention did it not strengthen convictions I have long had that our churches should have a service-book with appropriate liturgical forms for a part of our public worship.

A part and not the whole: for our churches would not and should not consent to fetter the utterance of free prayer. The objections of Bradford and his brethren of Plymouth memory to the English Prayer-book were, I take it, mainly on the ground that it was used by a "persecuting hierarchy given to papistic rites and ceremonies," and that it left no scope for spontaneous petition. If this was their contention, it was right and no one would have supported it more earnestly than the late Bishop Brooks. He was himself outspoken in the demand for such liberty and was great enough to exercise it when he saw fit. Those outbursts of his in extemporaneous prayer after his sermons were, if anything, more uplifting than the sermon itself. The most suggestive incident to my mind in his biography was his prayer as a young and comparatively unknown minister at the Harvard Commemoration in July, 1865. No transcript of his words was kept, but if they were like the prayer offered by him at a similar commemoration in Philadelphia. A short time before, it breathed the

very spirit of David's patriotic psalms. "That prayer," says President Eliot, "was, at the time, more impressive than Lowell's great ode." Even the cold and usually haughty Senator Sumner thanked the young chaplain of the day with tears in his eyes.

Yet Phillips Brooks believed also in set forms of prayer in dignified and reverent language for public worship; and it is evident that there is a strong trend of opinion and practice in that direction in non-Episcopal churches. In the Lutheran, Dutch, Reformed and German Reformed bodies this would be no new thing. The Presbyterians have by right of inheritance the liturgy of Calvin's time still in use in Switzerland and France. The Methodist church has an order of worship recommended by Conference, and rituals for baptisms, the Lord's Supper, weddings and burials; and instances of liturgical worship in independent churches are found here and there. The congregation of the late Rev. Newman Hall while in Surrey chapel, London, worshipped with the nearly full liturgy of the English Prayer Book. I well remember the very favorable comment on this fact by Dr. Samuel Harris of Yale Divinity School made to me thirty years ago, after attendance on Mr. Hall's preaching. The Prayer Book naturally lent itself more readily to Newman Hall's use of it than to Rev. Stopford Brooke's adaptation of it some years later at Bedford chapel (Unitarian).

King's Chapel in Boston has a well-known record for conserving the liturgy in use there while under the British Crown, while individual churches in late years, in an effort to enrich their services, have introduced one liturgical feature after another till what with Collects, Apostles' Creed, responsive reading, the Lord's Prayer, chants from vested choirs, one wonders what we are coming to, and recalls Bishop F. D. Huntington's prophecy, while he was a rector in Boston, that if our churches began to use a part of the Episcopal service, they would not be satisfied with a taste, but demand a full liturgy. That prophecy needlessly frightened some of our pastors and people, as if there could be no experiment in this direction without going bodily into the Episcopal church.

There is a larger view to take of this matter, and we see it now. The whole liturgical movement indeed is susceptible of analysis. In the first place we live in an age of mutual exchange. All Christian churches are "great borrowers" to use Emerson's phrase. Just as colleges borrow each other's lists of studies, style of teaching, methods, even to athletic culture and contests; just as our great journals borrow each other's telling features; just as great mercantile houses and manufacturing corporations borrow each other's system if markedly successful; yes, and just as nations watch each other's progress keenly and borrow arts of statesmanship and finance, arts of peace and arts of war from each other, so the churches of various names show their progressive spirit in both giving and borrowing from each other. Our denomination owes much to the Methodists—our free preaching of salvation, our prayer-meetings participated in by women, as well as men, the Christian Endeavor Society itself, as an evolution of the class-meeting. And the Methodists owe something to us, in their educated ministry and the increased influence of their laity in Conference.

The Episcopal Church has levied on us for methods of theological education and foreign mission work, and we are looking more favorably on her practice of keeping Lent and seeing new value in liturgical forms and reverent attitudes in worship, especially since some of

her foremost scholars have discredited the figment of apostolic succession.

Even the Catholic Church is not impervious to such Protestant ideas as Sunday-schools, Temperance Societies, Literary Clubs and Chautauqua Assemblies, and I hope we shall be equally watchful for any good thing she may have that we have not. No church liveth unto itself. Borrowing from each other does not necessarily mean an abandonment of one's own peculiar polity, doctrines or history. It does mean broader views and sympathies—an appreciative instead of prejudicial attitude toward each other; a more Catholic spirit. This readiness to adopt liturgical forms of worship also coincides with the growth of kindlier feelings toward England and English institutions. Hatred of Britain is almost a thing of the past. We are realizing more clearly our sources of intellectual and spiritual life in the mother country. We love her, but not with the blind love of the Anglo-maniac. We would not take her establishment with all its wealth and prestige, its internal wrangles and external control by the crown, if we could. We said it once three hundred years ago, and we say it still. As in our more popular National Government, so in our simpler, more elastic, church polity and Catholic temper toward other Christian bodies, we think we have found a more excellent way.

The liturgical movement of our day has another source in the increased interest of the people in worship, as distinct from preaching. Hardly a generation ago many men in our congregations worshipped by proxy. The public prayer was the preacher's office as the singing of praise was that of the choir. The interest of most of the congregation began with the sermon. This furnished food for the intellect and motive for conduct. The man in the pew waked up as the preacher gave out his text and carefully followed his clear logic as he developed and defended some doctrine, his polemical skill as he showed the weakness and unscriptural footing of the enemies of sound doctrine, and often sat deeply impressed by his solemn and urgent presentation of the gospel to his hopes and his fears. The sermon was the be-all-and-end-all of much church going, and this accorded with the teaching of theological schools that the Protestant pulpit must ever be above the altar. Insensibly, to most church-goers a change came over their feelings, and a new sense of proportion between preaching and worship. The emphasis to both preacher and people did not seem to be on doctrine as such, or upon ecclesiastical tenets and distinctions. Horace Bushnell's thought was prevalent that theology could not be reduced to exact formulas. The new science was coming to the front, and this was not to be set aside by an appeal to prejudice or by a massing of proof texts.

Controversial preaching was dropped and sermons were oftener expositions of some words of Jesus, or on some phase of the Master's life. Evangelical services were common and resulted in large accessions to the churches. It was a happy thought to introduce the hearty singing of those meetings into the services of Sunday. The common man found his tongue loosed as these were sung. So congregational singing, which I never knew or heard of when a boy, became the first step in the worship of the people as a whole. Then came the introduction by Dr. Richard S. Storrs of Brooklyn of the Doxology at the beginning instead of the close of the service, aided by Rev. Geo. B. Bacon of Orange, N. J., of responsive readings of the psalms, which, if it be anything more than a pleasant exercise in elocution, is really praise or prayer, or both. The

Lord's Prayer, the Apostle's Creed and the Gloria were soon to follow. Congregations untrained to use them, took them up, as a rule, with much heartiness. In fact, nothing has surprised me more than the evident enjoyment certain usually cool-blooded and conservative people have showed in engaging in these exercises.

In reality it is the people's movement, taking up the worship of God as their own right, duty and high privilege. I am reminded of a bit of experience given me by the Rev. Dr. Henry W. Bellows of All Souls' church, New York, over twenty years ago. He had been in Boston for a Sunday, partly with a view to study Phillips Brooks and his work at Trinity. Chief among his impressions was this, that the church which would win and hold the people should worship with a book, for the reason that this made them responsible for carrying on time service. "You and we," he said, meaning Orthodox and Unitarians, "have made the mistake of asking people to come and hear us. They should come because of their own part in the service."

No one realized more than the late Prof. Edwards A. Park the peril of making liturgies prominent in a denomination like ours, which has grown strong in solid discussions of divine truth. In a debate upon the subject once at Andover he thought the emphasis should be upon the sermon, which should be more carefully elaborated to win men. Yet, in after years, he acknowledged, with his usual penetration, the great value to the Episcopal Church of a prayer-book which embodied and held before the people, whatever the changes and drifts of theological opinion, the great essentials of our Christian faith. Surely, Phillips Brooks, who used to speak of his church as much like a Congregational church, did not undervalue the sermon, and we should not.

The rapid growth of culture, too, in our churches makes itself felt in this movement for a liturgy. The culture of our times has educated the ear as well as the eye; the art which decorated our walls forty years ago is pronounced crude today, when photography brings her treasures from famous galleries and hangs beside it. The cultured ear was not offended in our Congregational worship so long as the prayers were the carefully studied, orderly and reverent utterances of the preacher. Framed largely of scriptural language, following Sunday after Sunday the same order, yet adapted to the needs of the hour, they formed an unwritten liturgy. But some years ago the word went forth that the "long prayer" should be simpler in its structure, and that theological phrases should give place to fresh forms of speech and modern terminology. There was some gain, and also a large loss, by the change. Avoiding thus the old forms of adoration, thanksgiving, confession, supplication and final ascription, prayers began in the middle, were born on the instant, often made no confession of unworthiness or recognition of atoning love and of the office of the Holy Spirit, or of the church's participation in the coming of God's kingdom—a prayer limited to the day and the present congregation, as if there had been no past history of providence and grace, and was to be no glorious future for God's people, sometimes neatly worded, even artistic in its structure, yet narrowed to momentary needs and issues, again showing the fragmentariness of all unstudied speech, vagueness of thought and halting utterance, forced emotion and wearisome repetition of pet phrases to bridge the chasm between ideas. I forbear to characterize this kind of prayer, which has sometimes taken the place of the well-ordered worship of our older preachers, further than to say that its worst effect is to so project the preacher's

personality into his prayers, his experiences and his idiosyncrasies, that his words too often become not so much a medium as a barrier to genuine worship. Mighty a factor as personality is in the preacher, it should be obscured in the priest who makes intercession for the people. If it is an impertinence to suspend the solemn worship of a Sabbath morning in order to listen to a paid soloist singing unintelligible music with the air of the concert-hall, and have the mind, which was humbly seeking God, thrown back into a worldly attitude of personal admiration or criticism, no less is it an offence against good taste, and hinders devotion, to listen to prayers so flavored with the minister's experiences, so over-adorned with his rhetoric, or carelessly phrased, that the critical faculty is kept ever active and the only relief comes with the final amen.

It is this which gives an air of unreality often to church services, and sends men of culture, or men who like genuineness, out of our churches. Two eminent lawyers, one in Brooklyn, the other in New York, were accounting for their attendance at Episcopal churches. The first said to a friend of mine, "I am just as much of a Congregationalist as ever, but I could not stand the prayers." The other said to me, "The pump-handle style of praying was too much for me." No minister is great enough to offend here. When he speaks to God for the people, he must utterly forget himself. President Finney was a godly man and a great preacher, but the Oberlin of today would not smile as it once did to hear him pray, "O Lord, bless the President of the United States, Franklin Pierce"; then parenthetically, "Thou knowest that we did not vote for him."

Perhaps the modern ear is getting too sensitive and refined, but such as it is, it must be dealt with sympathetically, and not driven forth to listen to the birds on the Sabbath, or to other voices that charm—at least, do not offend.

There is no danger that most of our ministers will do this. Self-forgetful, reverent in thought and expression, clothing their ideas in the simplest dress, when not using words of Scripture or of the ancient liturgies, their prayers are sympathetic revelations of the people's needs, sorrows, sins, fears, hopes; and faith grows as the prayer continues, till they, too, catch the open vision of the preacher, and realize that the House of God is, indeed, the Gate of Heaven.

Now, this is a power every true minister longs to possess—to efface himself as he leads the congregation to the throne of grace and fitly voice their aspirations and needs. But all have not this gift of vicarious supplication. It is not always possible, especially to the young preacher; his own experience is a meagre one, or he comes into the pulpit overworked, the strain or reaction of preparation upon him; leaving, it may be, a sick one at home, with the memory of a week of many sorrows. Sickness, deaths, funerals have been the scenes in which he has moved every day. He sees mourning weeds before him and is overcome at the sight. He has been told at the church door of some fresh sorrow, or of some trusted man's lapse from rectitude, or has met some of his people driving into the country, or he sees in the audience, unexpectedly, high dignitaries of the church or State and tries hard to be oblivious of them, as Norman McLeod did in his first preaching before the Queen. ("I tried," was the testimony of this great preacher, "to forget the great ones who are seen, and to think of the great ones who were unseen"). Yet he often comes to the sermon so humiliated and handicapped by conscious failure in the devo-

tional service that he raises no triumphant note in his preaching, and goes to his study, thinking how a liturgy would have saved him in his weakness and proved vastly more helpful to his people.

Prof. Austin Phelps used to disparage the "weak craving for a liturgy," but the strong are sometimes weak and oppressed that the people should suffer thereby. To fall on such occasions into a routine prayer is not a whit better than to read or recite a written one. Why should not the young preacher be saved the greatest dread the pulpit has for him? There are no historic precedents earlier than Plymouth in the way. The church, as a whole, and not one branch of it merely, has, through her long centuries, precious treasures of liturgical utterances which, like those of the Jewish Church, from Moses and Deborah, to the latest psalm-writer, are wonderfully inspiring to devotion, and act as wings to bear the soul toward God. Why not use these as well as the words of some modern hymn-writer set to music? The modern church is bound, with the larger, wider vision she has of her history and its treasury of inspired experiences, to claim her right to her inheritance. Her members today read the Psalms oftenest than any other part of the Bible, because these interpret their aspirations and needs better than other words, —find them where they are. They read other men's prayers—Luther's, Calvin's, Newman's and Meyer's; such as those in "Closet and Altar" in The Congregationalist for the same reason. What shall prevent our churches from having a prayer-book? It might be based on the Book of Common Prayer, but it should serve its purpose better than that; for it is not discourteous to a great and noble church to say that her prayer-book is not infallible, since there has long been a party for revision in that church. One of her devout clergymen told me, years ago, that the morning service was "too long and wearisome, being, in fact, with the Litany and Communion, three services in one." President Eliot of Harvard has never been answered in his criticism before the Boston Episcopalian ministers that this service was needlessly repetitious. And the Dean of Canterbury, Dr. Farrar, has recently said that much of its language is antiquated, and has little significance to the common man.

Our denomination, which furnished so many devout scholars for the work of revising the Scriptures, surely has a body of men today to whom might be entrusted the revision of liturgies, old and new, and the compilation of a prayer-book with an order of morning and evening service allowing much of variation—family prayers for every day of the week, prayer for use in schools and colleges, for special occasions, rituals classic in form, for baptisms, communion, weddings and funerals; a psalter in the older version, with a large collection of prayers for private devotion, our creed being expressed in our prayers rather than in long and formal statements. The use of this should not be obligatory on any church, but entirely of choice of minister and people; and with its use there should always be space for the carefully considered pastoral prayer in the minister's own language, reflecting the condition of the hour and voicing its neds, and which should be, if anything, the summit of the service.

There would be a wide use of such a book in our churches by the mountain and the seaside which have large summer congregations, and would have larger ones if the service were more stately and liturgical, and on Home Mission grounds where the people have largely come from countries and churches using liturgies. The church without a pastor, with a deacon to read the

prayers and a sermon, could thus hold its regular Sunday service. Our churches as a whole would feel a certain unity, not now felt, if one service were common to all of them; while our children would grow up with a memory of prayers, psalms and spiritual songs, which would tie them to their mother church and stand them in stead in many a time of need. Would not our Congregational body more closely allied to other Christian bodies in a common inheritance of religious devotion thus go forth to the work of the new century with a stouter heart?

### "As This Little Child."

By W. N. Burr.

Sandy dropped in to spend the evening with me not long ago. "Do you know what I have been thinking about all day today?" he said, after the preliminaries concerning the weather, and the recent High School commencement exercises. "I've had the words, 'Except ye turn and become as this little child,' ringing in my ears ever since early this morning. I'm not much given to poetry-reading, but this morning, just before I went out to work, I happened to hit upon some verses that had the word 'carpenter' in them, and of course that caught me. It was an old-country carpenter that seemed to be talking, and he was telling somebody how good it made him feel just to think about, 'Jesus of Nazareth, same trade as him!' Part of it was like this—

"I don't know right where as His shed may ha' stood,  
But often as I've been a-planing my wood  
I've took off my hat just with thinkin' of He  
At the same work as me."

"Now I've been thinking all day about that old-country workman's simple-hearted love for Jesus Christ; and somehow it has seemed to make clearer what the Master meant when He said, 'Except ye turn and become as this little child ye cannot enter the kingdom.' Do you know, I'm inclined to think that, however orthodox or heterodox one's belief may be, according to accepted doctrinal standards, if it is not accompanied by just such simple-hearted love for Jesus Christ as that old-country carpenter's, that one is missing the heart of the whole thing. One may be as orthodox as John Calvin in his beliefs, but if he has not that love in his heart, I don't see as he really knows very much about what it is to be a Christian. And one may pride himself on *not* being orthodox according to the standards of John Calvin, and declare that *his* creed is the Golden Rule; but if his 'liberal creed,' or whatever it is that he calls his system of *belief*, is not carried in the head of a man whose heart is touched with tenderness and love at the mere mention of the name of Jesus Christ, he can't know very much of what it is to be a Christian. The matter of prime importance, seems to me, is to be a *lover* of Jesus Christ—a simple-hearted lover of Jesus Christ. It is not necessary that one should be an humble, unschooled toiler, just like that old-country carpenter; but one has got to be just as simple-hearted in his love for Jesus Christ as he was, in order to know much about what it is to be a Christian. 'Except ye turn and become as this little child, ye cannot enter the kingdom,' said the Master. 'Though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing,' said Paul. And one cannot limit that 'love' to the creed of the Golden Rule, love for one's fellow-men, treating them just right. One has got to treat Jesus Christ just right. 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself' is one of the great commandments, but it is the second one, not the first. Before that comes

the command to love the Lord thy God. And that means that one must be a lover of Jesus Christ, for 'the Word was God,' says the Book, 'and the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.' God is revealed in Jesus Christ. That first commandment is obeyed by the man who opens his heart to Jesus Christ, and takes Him in, and in childlike simplicity loves Him. The doctrine of justification by faith is all right. It is a rock-doctrine, and it will stand the storms of the ages. But it is a *dead* doctrine except as the doctrine of justification by love enters into it. Paul himself was the mighty champion of the doctrine of justification by faith. But Paul knew that a loveless faith did not amount to anything. 'For in Christ Jesus,' he writes to the Galatians, for in Christ Jesus neither doth the observance of a certain rite avail anything, or its non-observance; but faith, which worketh by love.' That kind of faith that is rooted and grounded in certain doctrinal statements, but does not work by love, is a dead thing, and doth not avail anything. I want the kind that the little child had—the kind the simple-hearted, old-country carpenter had. We've got to be believers in Jesus Christ, but that don't amount to much unless we are lovers of Jesus Christ—great-hearted, simple-hearted lovers of Jesus Christ."

Corona, June 13, 1902.

### The Bystander.

#### The Cottage Among the Trees.

After some wandering the Bystander finds himself in a long low cottage among the trees. Giant redwoods, peaceful oaks, pungent bays, a lively stream, high hills, singing birds and a great blue sky are his friends. The tinkle of cow-bells, the music of the water and the many voices of nature entertain him. It is well for us, sometimes, to be alone.

California yields its own peculiar wild flowers, and the wrinkles in the hills are its own. There are other things characteristic of the State, and among them may be mentioned the California horse and the country or mountain man. The horse of the country is different from the horse that draws the dray along Market street. He is sure footed, tough, and adapted by nature to the hardships of the mountain trail.

The Bystander is bound to confess, however, that the first horse he hired died before sunset, not because the Bystander did not use him properly, but of other causes. He had done his work faithfully for many years and it is believed that if there is a heaven for horses "Buck" has reached that destination.

The mountaineer in California is a type of his own. He is usually a muscular, rough, generous individual, who knows a thing or two, hospitable, brave, and, like the horse he rides, tough and genuine. He is a lover of California, and usually a good citizen and hard worker. With something of the cowboy's dash, he has much of Uncle Sam's spirit, as he patiently fells the trees, digs for gold or drives the stage. He is a good rifle shot, and knows where the trout swim. He does not belong to the class who hang to the fringe or the ragged edge of the big cities looking for something to turn up. He is a noble type of the American citizen who has been disciplined by nature. Bret Harte has not described the real Californian.

#### A Literary Relic.

The Bystander began his vacation hunting for a land-mark. It was not a big tree, a mission or a battlefield, but a mountain with memories. Mount Saint

Helena stands at the head of the Napa Valley like a grim but magnificent sentinel challenging the iron horse. It has been conquered by the stage horse who crosses this mountain daily with passengers for Lake County. The stages leave Calistoga, an interesting little town which burned down about a year ago, but immediately rose again from the ashes.

The Bystander set out to explore the mountain and find the site of the old town of Silverado, the Silverado silver mine and the house where Robert Louis Stevenson wrote "The Silverado Squatters," twenty years ago.

Four stages, one with six horses, started from Calistoga about noon. The distance to the Toll House is about ten miles. The Toll House stands on a shoulder of the mountain called the summit. It is over three thousand feet high. There was no room for the Bystander in the regular stages so he was given a special wagon loaded with baggage. The driver will not soon be forgotten. He wore the pin of the State University on the lapel of his coat and tried to quote Longfellow. The reason he failed was that he was uproariously drunk. He began the journey by starting the horses on a run, and no appeal of the Bystander served to check the speed of the flying team. By the time we were half way up the mountain the horses were nearly exhausted and the Bystander thought he was about to be killed a half-dozen times. He saw himself rolled down the mighty precipice into the silent yawning canyon, but was contented with the reflection that intoxicated men are not often injured. The driver had inherited a fortune during his school days, and he could not stand against the temptations of the money. He is now a wreck, and probably by this time his team is also a wreck. At any rate the Bystander remembered the words of the psalmist, "a horse is a vain thing for safety," especially with such a driver.

#### The Toll House.

It is long, low, commodious, with a broad veranda fringed with flowers. A white-washed tree, balanced by a box of stones, balances the bar which stretches across the dusty road. The old toll house keeper sat on the porch. He knew every character mentioned by Stevenson in "The Silverado Squatters."

The afternoon spent with this genial man was intensely interesting. We climbed up the mountain under the hot June sun to the dump and stood upon the "proscenium," as Stevenson called it. On this platform, surrounded by the madrone, manzanita, sugar-pines and oaks, stood the house in which Stevenson and his family "camped" for their health in the early eighties. The winter snows broke down the building, and all the Bystander found was a pile of boards. But the vast region extending from Tamalpais to the Sierras is still there with its variety of colors and its untrodden paths. We climbed to the top of the ledge, red with cinnabar, which gave us a still better view of the surrounding country. The Silverado mine is unworked; silent are the picks—gone the Silverado squatters. An old barn stands on the site of Silverado whose once populous street is now a stony path, down which the winter rains rush. The old hotel, store and houses have disappeared. The toll-house keeper stood under the evergreen oaks and looked back into the past to the days when squatters made the mountains ring with picks tipped with fortune's hopes, and as we walked away, the trees cast long shadows down the slopes. Gone are the Ronalds, Kelmar, the Hansons, Reuff, the dog, the Chinaman. Gone is Robert Louis Stevenson, whose pen has invested every blod-red flower and

golden madrona and bit of quartz on the great mountain with a new and splendid charm.

#### Moonlight on the Hills.

People in the city do not often see the moon, except through smoke and mist. Painters have thrown it upon the canvas and we read about it in books. Moonlight gives color and splendor to the hills. It silvers the warm night and adds a peculiar glory to the forest. The Bystander came down from the mountain behind four horses, under the rising moon. He sat with the driver. There were no other passengers. The stage-driver was a silent, determined sort of a man who knows how to handle the reins as Paderewski does the keys of a piano. He only spoke once with enthusiasm. That was when we passed a rock by the roadside. "Here," he said, "I was held up a few months ago. A man stepped out from behind this rock and commanded me to stop, which I did. He made the passengers get out, took their money, shot off the lock of the express box, ordered me to drive on and ran down into the canyon." The driver told this grimly, adding, that the blood-hounds were thrown off the trail by red pepper. He also explained that drivers are not permitted to carry firearms. Sometimes the doctrine of non-resistance is good policy.

It was not in the Napa Valley where the Bystander saw the fine effects of the moon-light. It was through the trees of a dense growth, between high hills, by a stream whose waters sparkled like diamonds under a soft June sky, where he watched the showers of light fall so silently down through the leaves. The hills were illuminated, and the river's song was like the voice of a nightingale. There is a glory of the day, but we who take vacations in the country must not close our eyes to the glory of the wondrous night.

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#### Sparks from the Anvil.

By Dr. Johns D. Parker.

When there is a superabundance of electricity in the air, electric sparks are visible in the hair of the head and in our garments. A little friction at such a time will produce electric sparks. This electric condition in the air illustrates the spiritual condition. When the spirit potential is high at any period, there are extraordinary manifestations by believers of spiritual power which we call miracles. In Pentecostal days there was a high spiritual potential at Jerusalem. Conversions were abundant, men thronged the temple, and brotherly love caused them to have all things common. Soon the lame man was healed at the gate Beautiful. Ananias and Sapphira received a fearful punishment. Peter was so filled with the Holy Ghost that his very shadow healed the sick. Cities round about heard the good news and brought their sick to Jerusalem to be healed. Prayer brings about these spiritual conditions, for unceasing prayer led the angel to deliver Peter from prison. Why cannot God's people bring about the spiritual conditions again by earnest prayer?

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Some people oppose revision of the Bible, but their opposition is not well grounded. Even the *Textus Receptus* has not been completed yet. The most important question before modern Revisionists, "What is the Inspired Word of God?" was not sprung when King James translators gave the world the English Bible. The autographs of the Bible have perished long ago. The sifting of the manuscripts must necessarily go on until scholars have settled on the *Textus Receptus*. The Bible is a great deep, and men have only picked up a few

pebbles along the shore. How little do astronomers know of the stars in the Universe, but the more powerful the telescope the more stars do men see. The light of the material universe is reflected in the Bible, which reveals some of the deep things of God, and the light of the Universal Kingdom grows brighter age by age. Revision of the Bible will be needed more frequently as the years go by. If a man only possessed the silhouette of a friend, how much more he would prize a photograph. What real objection can there be to know exactly what God has revealed in his Word? Let us welcome the truth in all its fullness and brightness.

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Two disciples of John the Baptist followed Jesus and asked, "Where dwellest thou?" It is a marvelous truth that the Logos should be incarnated and dwell among men. It is a puzzling question with philosophers, Why Christ should ever come to this little speck of a world to live and die? It may be said that he must die somewhere, and this earth furnishes as good a place as any world. Then, if the other members of the solar system are not inhabited yet, the earth was fitted early for him. Christ died for men, but he rose from the dead, and said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world." As the sun still shines into our homes to enlighten us, and into our fields to make the grass grow, so Christ still enlightens the world with his truth.

John tells us (iv: 4) that when Christ left Judea for Galilee "he must needs go through Samaria." It is true that Samaria lies between Judea and Galilee, and this was the shortest way, but there was a way from Judea to Galilee through the Jordan Valley, which was the usual route for the Jews, who had no dealings with the Samaritans. There seems to have been a moral necessity over and above the geographical compulsion, for he could have gone the usual route through the Jordan Valley. At Jacob's well he met the Woman of Samaria, and through her "many of the Samaritans of Sychar believed on him." We all must pass through our Samaria. The journey through Samaria from Judea to Galilee is mountainous and Jesus became so tired that he sat on the well to rest himself. Our Samaria may be a toilsome route, but we must go through it. We need a sublime faith in making this journey. In patience we must possess our souls. If we make this journey patiently with a conquering faith, we shall reap a rich reward.

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#### Ministers' Union.

The Congregational Ministers' Union of San Bernardino and Riverside counties held its last meeting before the vacation season at Redlands on the 16th of June. The essayist for the occasion was Rev. Geo. Robertson of Mentone. Mr. Robertson's paper, entitled "Science and the Bible," was scholarly and interesting. There was a full attendance of members and the general discussion of the subject was such as the excellent paper deserved. The meetings of the Union for the season just closed have been better attended and fuller of interest than for several years preceding.

S. G. Lamb, Secretary.

Our Father, we bless thee for all the knowledge that thou hast given us, and we ask for grace to do as much as we know. Amen.

None can follow Christ as Master and Leader and forget that their bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost.  
—A. H. Bradford.

**Acorns from Three Oaks.**

Aloha.

**A Good Example Set by a Hen.**

I cannot get away to the great Denver Convention, but I can sketch a little incident from my barnyard which is worthy to be described by the aptest man who will talk to the children—if the convention be wise enough to call in the Denver children and mark them for life by the wisdom, warmth and wit of the masters in Sunday-school teaching. Little 83—for so the copper band on her yellow leg numbers her—has taught all her little brood to come up and eat out of my hand. This would not be strange for dignified Plymouth Rocks or stately Partridge-Cochins; but chicken fanciers know how wild the Leghorns are—how fearful and how flighty. This exceptional little mother hen is always gentle, even when anxiously covering her eggs or bringing off her little snow-ball pulp. She shows me how a mother CAN bring her children to the church, the pastor and the Good Shepherd, if she will. If a good woman wants her children in the Sunday-school, and begins young with them, she can lead them to be faithful attendants. Since my little chicken-yard pet scratched her way to Pacific praises, she has won my regard anew, as the most remarkable and sensible little hen I ever knew. A wild Leghorn lately left her brood. They were but a few days older than Eighty-three's little flock. They occupied a strong coop in the corner of the barn where Mr. Coyote could not easily break in. Little Eighty-three, with her brood, was in an exposed situation. Her light coop, out on the lawn, might easily be turned over by a hungry coyote. Without asking any permission the wise little mother-bird took her chicks to the stronger, warmer, safer corner. But she did not drive the little orphans out. She took them to her heart and under her wings. Just as white, just as pretty as her own. Mark you! The little Leghorns, as wild as their wildest mother, began to tame as soon as a sensible foster-mother set them a good example. They are not quite up to those who had wise leading in infancy, but they come at my call and the trustful cluck of their better mother. By the time this letter reaches the linotype they will line up with their step-brothers and sisters to eat from the parson's hands. Don't be above learning from a Santa Clara county chick the beauty of good example. The best way to win wild Colorado or wild California boys and girls is to corral them with loving mothers and good boys and girls. The combination is irresistible. The bright-eyed lads and lassies listened to me from the front seat this morning as I told them of my barnyard saint. I pass over the fine little fowl for the wise comment of those who can appreciate her. Three kodaks have snapped on her lately. She and her birdlings ought to take well. I'm sure her "pretty ways" take me.

Floyd Fortunatus.

Floyd is his first name, but the last name is Latin for fortunate. Floyd is a loving little Minneapolis laddie, who came near this old dominie lately because his parents did. Like Eighty-three's chicks Floyd's mother gave me a pointer I note for other mothers. There is no reason for an old parson going to sleep and shutting his eyes to new suggestions. Floyd's wise mother sees how many Sunday-school children drift away from church, like that bevy of beautiful Pacific Grove children who left just as I was ready to preach. Sunday-school was all they wanted. If they get smart at sixteen and leave Sunday-school there is no habit of church-going to hold them. Floyd's mother can charm her dear boy

into Sunday-school after he is fixed in the habit of going to church. I think she can lead her boy anywhere she wants him to go. But I commend her motherly wisdom in fixing the habit of going to church. If children leave the church, where are the church attendants of coming generations?

Editor Ferrier preached us a good sermon this morning. He told us that P. P. Bliss got his start as a strong and winsome singer by his grandmother's sparing her little savings to send him to a much-longed-for musical convention which he could not attend unaided. What a gift to the world the saved-up dollars were which started that matchless singer to sing for Moody and for Moody's Savior! Also Mr. Ferrier made us see our duty to The Pacific. The oldest paper on our Coast, surpassed by none—sound, fair, Christlike on the Chinese, the Bible, the temperance question—all questions. Our Pacific Coast paper! Some bright young, unmarried minister ought to travel a whole year and push its circulation to the paying point. It is a great educator. Our colleges, our seminary, our Missionary Societies ought to advertise it, and advertise in it. Two ways occur to me, friends, to help it. Perhaps Deacon Smith's way is the best. He pays for nearly a hundred copies. He proves a grand old man's love for a paper to which he gave eighteen busy years of service. Perhaps the money he pays for copies sent out freely would command expert aid of a powerful winsome canvasser. Deacon Dickie, Brother J. H. Barker, and others have helped largely, God bless them! May their paying and their prayer prevail! There are some—many, doubtless—to whom the cost is a great price. Dollars count, as I know, from those who win bread from the ground. But if those who draw checks with some ease will pay promptly in advance, and send the paper on trial for a year, especially in homes where boys and girls are growing up, they will sow the seed for a harvest of men and women who will not let any good institution die on their hands. Don't say, "That's a good acorn, Brother Aloha"; send your check by the next mail and start a high Pacific tide.

How many purposes a Christian Endeavor Social may serve! Our little town has just enjoyed such an one. Mr. Levi Scott and family have just got nicely settled at Bonnie Brae. They have hearts and hands to help. Opening their beautiful home and grounds to the Christian Endeavor Society, they at once eliminate all questions as to who the Four Hundred are. They have set a high standard for socials. Out of doors in the glorious moonlight it is easy to invite the Epworth League and the friends of the Christian church, with whom we have been having delightful fellowship in the gospel tent. A social makes it easy to invite and entertain a goodly company of Dr. Pond's Bethany folks, who know how to enjoy a summer social and give lively help on the program. How proud we veterans are when the new recruits do well. A well-studied course in Christian Endeavor is a liberal education to young folks of the right stamina. See the happy leaders, who have won their way to the front at Fresno, Los Angeles, Stockton and San Francisco. Lemonade and ice cream are fine things of a hot night when they mean friendliness and fellowship, and not a craze for funds. Feed the appetite for friendliness and high purpose, and funds will flow for the service of our liberal God. And now our young and aspiring delegates are off to Santa Cruz for the Convention. God bless them and bring them back in power and in peace for higher service under the Holy Cross!

## The Sunday-School.

BY REV. W. H. SCUDDER.

### The Giving of Manna. (Ex. xvi: 4-12.)

Lesson I. July 6, 1902.

The land of slavery, of hard labor, of groanings, was on the other side of the sea; the hosts of Pharaoh could no longer menace; the promised country lay not far to the north, and every reason for hope belonged to Israel. Following the eastern shore of the Red Sea they plunge into the desert or more correctly, wilderness, on the route to Sinai, at the lower part of the peninsular formed by the Gulf of Suez and the Gulf of Akabar. Pause for a moment on the place of exit from the bed of the sea, and think back on what the Israelites could not imagine would become history. That spot was a turning point in many senses. It was such to Moses, who enters upon a new phase of life as the leader of a chosen people. The career of any great leader is interesting, the ebb and flow of events seem ever to originate with him, and the leading of an unseen power manifests itself to our eyes as we gaze into the perspective. But Moses is unique as Leader of Israel. Never after was there a Leader even of that remarkable people, who stood between what was earthly and what was heavenly, between man and God. He carried the earthly up toward the heavenly, and brought the heavenly down to the earth. He was a mediator—into whose listening ear, the invisible God poured His thoughts, uttered His words, breathed His plans. How much of the world's ethical history is due to this man? It was the forty years in the wilderness that gave Moses to the world.

It was a turning point also in religious history. The chosen individuals in the patriarchal period now give place to a chosen nation. But the nation had *to be formed*, and as the hosts of Israel stood on the sandy shore, the process of formation began. "Salvation is from the Jews," Jesus said, and that is true, because to the close of the prophetic period they kept in contact with God, the author of salvation. The schooling for the long period of divine revelations began on that sea-shore. At this dawning century, when the world has tested every conceivable form of religion, finds a little truth in all of them and salvation in none of them save that given by God through the Jews, consummated in Jesus Christ, we discern the importance of that sandy beach on the east shore of the Red sea.

After the victory and the exultation, there was a vacation, natural enough whether national or individual. On the hill-top today, in the valley tomorrow. The host faced the desert bravely, but three days' march relieved them of any surplus energy they ever had. There was no water! The statement makes but small impression on us. But imagine a city twice or even three times the size of San Francisco without a drop to drink! For three days they plodded wearily along, and when provisions and water were about exhausted, reports of water were brought, and they pressed forward to find it undrinkable. How humanly they acted in murmuring. God leads us to high trust of deliverances so marked that we almost see His hand and feel His presence. A little further on some obstacle is met, and the former deliverance is forgotten while bitter complaint of hard fortune rises. "Marah" cannot be located on the map, but it can easily be identified in experience. "There he proved them," but they were unconscious of that testing until the event was in the past.

Divine testings lie along the path of every-day life, and are apt to be connected with every-day duties. A ball-player "struck-out" and, enraged, threw his bat at the fence near by. The umpire fined him five dollars. Was that a "Test"? Business discovers Marahs when trusted employees fail, or circumstances turn out opposite from expectation. Are these "Provings"? Take these words for a five-minute retrospect of the day. "There he proved them"—where? In the trifling annoyances, the hasty words, the unkind judgments; and we are unconscious of the "Proving," unless we are on the lookout for it.

Gods control of nature with a view to supplying man's need is conspicuously taught in this lesson. Supplying the manna and the quails was a continuous exercise of providential interposition, even if the manna be considered a natural product. We consider this supply a miraculous act. Grant that it was. Was it any more so than the supply of your and my daily provision? A man lives on the sea-shore. He needs meat for dinner. He goes fishing, catches a fish, brings it home, and his wife cooks it. Now exactly what has taken place? A certain man, in a certain place, gets into a certain boat, rows to a certain spot, and lets down a certain hook. From out of the immense ocean, a particular fish starts in a particular direction, finds a particular line, and attracted by a particular bait, attempts a meal and is caught. If all this is chance, how many chances are there that this conjunction of circumstances would not occur? Note also how readily we slide into or out of the miraculous according to circumstances. If that man is nearly starved, and fishes for some hours without a nibble, and in despair is just lifting his hand to draw in the line, when the fish comes along and is caught, it is considered providential, bordering on the miraculous. Why is it more or less so than any other combination of events? Our metaphysics teacher started the class one day by announcing it quite as unusual to see car number 618 on a train pulling into the depot as to see car number 666. Well, why isn't it? Because we grow thoroughly accustomed to a series of events, we fail to consider them anything unusual. May it not be a fact well worth our weighing, that just as much of God's thought and care is needed to supply our breakfast, or dinner, at home where everything goes like clock-work, as to supply these meals if we are in the woods, where they seem to depend upon gun or fishing-rod? Or in the wilderness where they may depend upon an east wind, or a certain atmospheric condition? Jesus bade us take no anxious thought as to food or raiment for, "Your Heavenly Father," not nature, or chance, "knoweth that ye have need of all these things." It is well to let God have much to do with our lives, and thinking of His control of all things with a view to supplying our needs is a most prolific manner of accomplishing it. He can bring bread and flesh to the ravens, and the ravens with the bread and flesh to Elijah—and to us—if need be.

Reverting to the manna for a moment, it is extremely interesting to read Dr. Macalister's article in the new Hastings dictionary in which, after reviewing four species of known manna, he says, "None of these could be the manna of the Exodus, which was a miraculous substance. These (natural manna) only flow in small quantities, and all the tamarisks in the desert could not have yielded the daily provision of more than 300 tons. They only flow in special seasons. They are physiologically insufficient as food, can keep indefinitely, and could not be cooked as the manna was. The Sabbath intermis-

sion and final cessation likewise show that it was not a natural substance; besides, while it could be ground in mills, beaten in mortars, seethed in pots, or baked by artificial heat into cakes, yet if not gathered, it volatilized in the heat of the sun." Dr. Macalister is Professor of Anatomy in the University of Cambridge, England.

The manna, as a type of our Lord, must not be overlooked, since Jesus himself refers to it. (John vi: 26-58).

1. It was a gift from God. It rained from heaven as though the Divine hand had opened, and the gift sent forth. In this it typified Christ, who is God's gift to us, for the purpose of salvation.

2. It was sent in view of a great need. There was no sustenance for the vast multitudes in that wilderness, unless it should come from God. Jesus is the bread of life to nourish hungry and famishing souls, their great need brought Him from out of heaven.

3. It had to be gathered, prepared, and eaten, if it was to nourish the body. Jesus must be received by faith into the soul if there is to be soul nourishment. Notice the emphasis laid upon this in John vi: 36. Believing is there synonymous with Receiving, and this the Jews were not prepared to do. It is very essential to note the conditions of eternal life that they may be fulfilled, for non-fulfillment means loss to him that de-

prove that, suppose you strike out all of your plans for tomorrow and make tomorrow an absolute blank. Then undertake to plan out the day for yourself, not including any provision made for you. Do not take opportunities or means for granted; but begin with the conviction that you have to make the day for yourself. If there is any safety or honesty or kindness or help or friendliness or companionship or health or joy or rest or protection, you have to provide it. The day is absolutely void excepting what you create yourself. With such a day as that before you, how would you begin to plan? A man may leave the Father's care out of his creed, but he will have to depend upon it in his practice.

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It is easy to thwart the Father's care. That care is not an irregular, spasmodic, irresponsible matter. The chief manner of its operation is not his breaking in upon our lives in some unexpected way. The care that Jesus gave to his disciples was not seen best when he stilled the tempest on the lake, or when he told them on which side of the boat to cast their net for fish. His better aid was in his constant companionship and teaching and inspiration. That boy in yonder home can miss his father's care for him if he plans for himself and thinks he must have his own way, excepting where, now and then, he can manage to get something unusual out of his parent. God's care comes first in home and friends and schools and teachers and books and all the abundant provision at hand, some of which, at least; enter into our possibilities. So if we forget that our Father is back of all this we may miss that other care which is important but occasional.

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It is quite evident then that if we are to have the Father's care, we must live as his children. God can do many things for men; but if we are to be cared for as sons we must live as his sons, and not as the sons of some other body. This sermon on the mount was not delivered at Athens or in the palace of Caesar. These words in Matthew were spoken to people who were avowedly living as God's children. Fatherhood and sonship must be a mutual effort. God cannot give a Father's care to one who has no determination and makes no care to be a son. But if any one will live as the son of the Father then the sum and beauty of revelation are that he will have the Father's care. On God's part the advance has already been made towards every one of us. He has taken his position, and the loving call has gone out to each to come and be a son, in order to experience the Father's care.

\* \* \*

The Father's care, then, ought to drive worry out of your life. Worry is not the careful exercise of wisdom and study to secure the best plans in our life. The Father's care does not induce carelessness or indolence. It does not stultify any of our powers of wisdom or skill. But worry is the feeling of fear which produces a troubled mind over the events of the future. So the message of Jesus to you and to me, if we are living as sons, is, "Be not anxious." God is over your life and mine as he is over the world and the stars. Nothing is beyond his hand. His hand never moves for us except with love. Whatever comes to us, love and blessing are sure to come out of it. Worry shows that we do not altogether trust him. Worry indicates that we do not fully know him. The only thing to fear is that we will not live as his son as fully as we desire him to be our Father.

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## Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

**The Father's Care.** (Matt. vi: 25-34; Ps. ciii: 13, 14.)

Topic for July 6, 1902.

This age seems to be a battle between sentiment and facts. That the stars and stripes is the representative flag of our nation is a fact; the effect of patriotism or enthusiasm which that flag stirs in us is sentiment. The fact no one can deny; the sentiment one may or may not recognize. True sentiment arises from the effect which facts have upon our feelings. The feelings you have when you look at that portrait of your mother will depend upon the facts of your relationship to that mother. And yet some people are continually saying, "There isn't any sentiment about me; I deal with the facts!" The truth is that the prominence given in late years to science, and to the discovery and doing of material things, has thrown into less importance, if not into discredit, the sentiment which facts ought to produce. Knowledge and feeling must keep up a proper balance, or else we shall be too soft on the one hand or too hard on the other.

\* \* \*

Now, that God takes a Father's care of his children is a fact, and not simply a sentiment which has arisen in our religious system. It is not some idea which exists merely in our songs and prayers and feelings. The Father's care belongs to that catalogue of facts which includes the sure return of the seasons and the rising of the sun every morning. We can expect the Father's care just as certainly as we can depend upon the appearance of the sun each day. And in forming our plans and anticipating our future this care is just as much to be taken into consideration as the sunrise.

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Besides this, while all do not acknowledge this fact of the Father's care, every one acts upon that basis. We could not move on a single day if we did not make our plans and follow our expectations with the thought in mind that our heavenly Father cares for us. To

## Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

President.....	Mrs. A. P. Peck.
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	1275 Sixth avenue, Oakland.
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Home Secretary.....	Mrs. R. E. Cole
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	60 Santa Clara avenue, Oakland.
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	1814 Sutter St., San Francisco.

Adams M. Station, April 3, 1902.

My Dear Mrs. Farnam: Mr. Dorward has gone to Jubilee Hall to attend a mission prayer-meeting. We meet at one of the houses on the station every Wednesday night. Mr. Dorward leads it tonight. We have just been moving again. I think the last time I wrote you we were getting settled in the Adams House. We are now in the Kilbon House. We were a long time in an upset condition in the house down the hill. The first thing after getting partially settled, we had the veranda cemented; then, papering and painting of the parlor; after that, we built an addition; then more papering and painting. This does not mean in America what it does out here. We were weeks getting done what at home would have been finished in a few days. The man we had could not work every day, as he had work of his own to do. Our patience was well tried. Finally, we called it done. Soon after this, Mrs. Kilbon was called away, and we offered to move up here and care for Mr. Kilbon. Our offer was accepted, and we moved in just one month ago. It was very hot while we were going to and fro between the two houses, a quarter of a mile apart and a hill between, and it took us some time to recover from the effects of the hard work we did then. We have a beautiful view here, and a glimpse of the ocean. At the Adams House we were down in a hollow and had no view. The house here is much more convenient. I appreciate it more and more every day.

I want to tell you about our wee lassie. She is a God-given treasure, and I accept her as such. She has become more and more precious every day. When nearly three months old she became very ill, and for weeks we feared we would be called upon to give her up. But God, in his infinite kindness, spared her. I have not told you of her warm welcome from the friends here on the station, nor of the way our friends at home have received her, nor of the gifts that came in from every side from the aunties here and elsewhere; and of the exceeding great kindness of Mrs. McCord when baby was so ill. Not the least to be mentioned was the welcome of our darling by the W. B. M. P. For that is what it meant to us when they made her a member of the cradle-roll. They took her right into their arms of love as soon as they heard of her. More could not have been done than was done for our Florence. I have my meetings with the women, and if I had some means of conveyance I could get about amongst them at their homes. I am so much stronger now than I have been for many a long day! I feel that I may soon be able to take the long walks necessary to reach the women of the Tuesday morning prayer-meeting. It often happens, as at home, that those near the church are not as regular in attendance as those who live at a greater distance. Perhaps you remember in my last letter I

spoke of this church here as in a very critical condition, spiritually. Since then Mr. Wilcox has been carrying on evangelistic services, and we think now there is a chance for the better. But we do not know. They are eaten up with tribal differences. That is one of our greatest hindrances. Other of our churches have the same difficulty. At Mr. Dorward's request, Mr. Wilcox has taken charge of the church, and he is sparing no time and strength to put life and backbone into the members. Mr. Dorward has double duty in the seminary, as Mr. Kilbon is away for three months. Mr. and Mrs. Cowles are in sore trouble over their son, Raymond. He has typhoid fever, and does not get over it well. They have gone up country with him, and the doctors say that he must not be brought down again until they take him to America in July. Mrs. McCord, Miss Mellen's sister, is still living her lonely life. The Doctor takes his last examination in July, but he is not expected here until August. There have been severe trials at both ends of the line—Doctor's illness just as he reached England, and that of his baby boy last Christmas. Robert lay near death's door for several days, and he was a long time in picking up. He seems sturdy enough now. It would delight his father's heart could he see him. It seemed as if we never needed a physician more than since Dr. McCord went away. We think Florence would not have had such a siege had he been here to direct me. And at the christening time Raymond Cowles, Robert McCord, Mr. Kilbon, and Miss Clark were all seriously ill. When Mr. Kilbon was taken with pneumonia there was but one doctor who would come here, and he was a friend of the McCords. I doubt if he would have come had he not been. Those physicians who refused a license to our doctor would not leave their homes in town. I must not forget Inanda Seminary and its just need of a physician, when fifteen girls lay ill of typhoid fever at one time. They had a doctor a few times, but it was only after very urgent messages that he consented to come. That only one die was due to the most careful nursing that was ever given to black or white. School has just opened there with one hundred girls, but we almost dread to hear from them for fear of new cases. They had had no sickness at all last term, and were so joyful over it, when just at its close these girls came down. For sixteen weeks there was a constant vigil kept night and day. Poor Mrs. Edwards! She grew old and worn under the strain. Younger hands ministered to the girls, but she felt the responsibility most keenly. Jubilee Hall has eighty boys. Mr. and Mrs. Le Roy are there, getting initiated into the work, for it will fall on them when Mr. Cowles takes his vacation. We think they will fit in nicely there, as Mr. Le Roy enjoys that kind of work. You will be pleased to know that Jubilee was not closed even for a term.

Will you kindly convey my thanks to the friends who made Florence a member of the Cradle Roll. The mite box has come and is set up. It already contains a thank-offering, that I was round to get out on the veranda just in time to catch Florence as she lay balanced on the side of her carriage. One more push with her feet and she would have landed on her head. It took me some time to recover from the fright it gave me.

I have been reading over your last three letters, and have had much pleasure in doing so. I enjoy all your letters, and hope any delay in answering them will not make me lose any.

With loving greetings from us all to you all, yours  
most lovingly,  
Florence A. Dorward.

**Missions.**

[Extracts from a paper read by Mrs. McClise at the Quarterly Meeting of the W. B. M. P., June 4th.]

What can we ladies do during vacation for the cause of missions? First of all we can pray, not in a general way, but take some person or field, which has some special interest for us. We can inform ourselves upon all the different fields.

We certainly need to know more of the work, both at home and abroad. We can tuck a few of the unread "Life and Lights," "Home Missionaries," "Pilgrim Missionaries," or "Missionary Heralds," into our satchels, to be enjoyed by the side of the trickling brook, the dashing ocean wave or under the spreading branches in some wooded dell. In getting close to nature we come closer to Nature's God, and why not at the same time learn more of his noblest work—Man, as we find him in the neglected places of the earth.

After becoming well informed upon the needs of these fields ourselves, we can the more readily interest some one else in missions; we can win them first to the home and then the foreign. Even the most skeptical in missions would not acknowledge that he was not interested in home missions! So we must first win them for the home land and through that to the foreign field. It would please our Finance Committee if we could be persuasive enough in our winning to touch the hearts of some in such a manner as to open the purses so as to relieve them of all anxiety as to where the money was to come from to make up the desired amount. We can throw aside our earthly cares for the vacation season, but the Lord's work must ever be borne on our hearts in return for the tender care he ever has for us.

**Quarterly Meeting of W. H. M. U.**

The time was June 19th—one of the "rare days." The place was Fruitvale—equally "rare." Groups of women began to arrive from various directions early in the forenoon, each group taking in with appreciative eyes the beauty of garden and orchard, especially along Fruitvale avenue, the beautiful street leading from the several car lines to the little Congregational chapel of Fruitvale.

In the minds and hearts of some of the officers there was one note of disappointment. Over the wires in the early morning came a message to a few persons—that the earnest and efficient President, Mrs. F. B. Perkins would not be able to be present at the meeting, owing to the serious illness of a daughter in her home.

Over the wires, also early in the morning, went a call to Mrs. G. P. Adams of First church, San Francisco, to act as President for the day, to which she responded, "I will."

Calling the meeting to order very soon after 10:30, the appointed hour, Mrs. Adams asked Mrs. L. W. Eckley to offer prayer, remembering especially Mrs. Perkins and the one to whom she ministered in the home.

Mrs. L. M. Howard's "California Missionary Hymn" was then sung, followed by the responsive reading prepared by her, in which Mrs. Adams led.

The reports of the Secretaries, the Treasurer and the Superintendent of Cradle Roll were then listened to; also a few reports from auxiliaries given by delegates present.

Following a hymn which was sung, Mrs. Adams told of her feeling of hesitancy when asked to take charge of the meeting for the day. She was promptly reassured and comforted by the text, "Let not your

heart be troubled"—and going on with the verses that follow in that same chapter, she was led to think of the late Dr. J. H. Barrows, who only a few months ago made a visit in our midst. A beautiful home, she said, had but recently been built for Dr. Barrows at Oberlin, Ohio, and although he perhaps had not thought of going so soon to the beautiful home prepared by the Master in the Heavenly World—it is to that home he has been called.

Reference was also made to the Rev. H. Hammond Cole, one of our own home missionaries, who has recently been summoned to yet higher service in the life beyond.

After an earnest prayer by Mrs. H. S. Burbank, Mrs. C. W. Farnam gave a brief history of the Fruitvale church, showing the need of home missionary work there. Especial mention was made of the Ladies' Guild, which has a membership of about one hundred women, and of the Cadet Corps, both of these organizations doing very active and helpful service in the church. In the Guild it was said are to be found persons of many religious beliefs—Jews, Catholics, Episcopilians, Lutherans and others. Mrs. Farnam concluded with a cordial welcome to the Home Missionary Union in its meeting with the church and with an invitation to luncheon, which was served in the new armory.

The noon hour was a pleasant social time, as well as a feast of good things, served from the long tables in the Armory by the Ladies' Guild.

At 1:30 the devotional service for the afternoon was led by the Rev. Mr. Mowbray. After singing, "How Firm a Foundation," a part of John xiv was read as a Scripture lesson, and Mr. Mowbray gave as the central thought the "Appropriation of the Holy Spirit." Prayers were offered by Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Paul and Mrs. Peck. Following the devotional service Mr. Hauser of the Fruitvale church spoke for a few moments on the work among the young men and the boys. Mr. Hauser gave it as his experience that to the average boy of fourteen or sixteen brass buttons and a gun appeal more strongly than does the Sunday-school.

The Cadet Corps of Fruitvale accordingly makes it a rule that only members of the Sunday-school are admitted as members of the Corps. The members are all required also to take and keep the triple pledge—not to use liquor, tobacco nor vulgar or profane language.

As a result of the success of the Fruitvale Cadet Corps and Boys' Brigade, the First church of Oakland and Pilgrim church, East Oakland, are each soon to form Boys' Brigades.

The Northern H. M. Superintendent, Rev. J. K. Harrison, was the next speaker. Before giving his own address Mr. Harrison asked permission of Mrs. Adams to introduce to the audience a visiting missionary—the Rev. George Atkinson of Scott Valley. Mr. Atkinson gave a very modest description of his parish, in which sometimes he travels over the mountains and valleys one hundred and twenty-five miles in a single week. Living at Etna Mills—forty miles from the railroad—he has young persons in his congregation who have never seen a train of cars drawn by a steam engine. Called at times to some distant mining camp to conduct a funeral service, it is a common experience to have some old miner come to him and say, "You struck me hard, Parson, in your sermon, but I deserve it."

Referring to his great field, Mr. Atkinson said it was impossible for one person to do the work as it should be done, and made very apparent the need of more missionaries.

Following Mr. Atkinson, Mr. Harrison gave a brief account of the Annual Meeting of the H. M. S., which was held at Syracuse, N. Y. The most delightful bit of news was the announcement that the National Society is this year entirely out of debt. This statement was greeted with a hearty applause, which Hr. Harrison characterized as an echo of the greater applause when the same announcement was made at the meeting in Syracuse. At this Home Missionary Union Meeting composed largely of women, Mr. Harrison thought it quite proper to say that the greatest address of the Syracuse meeting was given by a woman—Mrs. C. M. Lamson—who spoke on "Patriotism." Other addresses referred to were those of Dr. Dan F. Bradley and the sermon by Dr. Armory H. Bradford.

Reference was also made to an address given by Rev. Dora Reed Barber of Oregon, who told in a unique fashion of some of the trophies of her missionary experiences.

Mr. Harrison concluded with a brief reference to the work in our own State, telling how all the missionaries had been promptly paid this first year of self-support, and that at the end of the year a small amount remained in the treasury. He reminded us that there is still a great deal of work to be done, telling of twenty communities where churches should be built in the next twenty weeks. The audience was also told of the invitation from San Francisco to hold the next Annual Meeting here, and that the invitation will probably be accepted. Mrs. Addison then sang Barnby's hymn, "O Paradise, O Paradise," the audience joining in the chorus.

The Rev. G. M. Dexter spoke on some of the trials and hardships of Home Misionary life. He began by saying that he had been a Home Missionary for thirty years, and he wished to state that the joy in the work far more than compensated for all the hardships and trials endured. He had been asked, he said, to tell some of the hardships and trials, and did not wish to be understood as complaining of any of the experiences of which he spoke. The greatest hardship of all was the uncertainty of receiving money pledged by or expected from residents in the field. For instance, fresh fruit, which was a rarity, could occasionally be purchased at reasonable prices; and for lack of fifty cents the hungry missionary missed perhaps the single opportunity of a season to buy a basket of peaches. Or, some Indian fisherman came along with a tempting fresh salmon, and for lack of the few cents cash the missionary and his family were deprived of that food which all were really in need of. A word of advice was given also as to missionary boxes. Hearing enumerated the articles of second-hand clothing received, but never used, one wondered if each missionary family thus favored (?) did not find it necessary to give up a good deal of valuable house-room to articles which might properly be sent to establishments advertising "misfit" clothing, or to the modern "rummage sale."

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee of Fruitvale was asked at this point to tell something about the building of the armory for the Cadet Corps. Beginning with the organization of the mission of the chapel in which they still hold the Sunday services, she told how a little more than a year ago it became apparent to the diligent and self-sacrificing young pastor that something more must be done for the young men—that to the young men and the boys they were to look for the work of the future in that community. So, together they talked and planned when they really saw only with the eye of faith. In telling the story Mrs. Wetherbee showed how they proved their

faith by diligent labor. Now coming up the street toward the chapel, seeing the new armory in the rear—the building so long planned and worked for—seeing it really there and knowing it is nearly all paid for—it seems almost too much to believe.

At the conclusion of this enthusiastic account Mrs. Adams announced that a collection would be taken, and that the amount had already been voted by the directors of the W. H. M. U. to the treasury of the Armory Fund.

After a rising vote of thanks to the Ladies' Guild for the royal hospitality of the day, the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. J. K. Harrison.

The attendance at this mid-summer meetings, which comes at vacation time, showed that along with other good things we are able to enjoy a missionary meeting. One woman from San Francisco had been out the previous night in attendance at a wedding and returned at a late hour, had slept a little late the morning of the missionary meeting. Nothing daunted, she arose, and, taking her breakfast in the ever-ready handbag, reached the ferry in time for the 9:30 boat, which brought her on time to the meeting. We commend her example to others.

#### Death of Judge Sawyer.

In the death of Judge E. D. Sawyer the Congregationalists of this region have lost a strong friend and wise counsellor, and a consistent Christian. He was born seventy years ago in Western New York; his childhood and youth were spent there. He went in his young manhood to Louisiana, where he was a teacher. In 1851 he came to California by way of Panama, and soon after came to San Francisco to make his home. Early in the sixties he was elected District Judge, and was later in the State Senate. In 1858, while passing a small Baptist church, with his wife, who was already a member of the First Congregational church, she urged him to go in with her and listen to the revival preaching. He did so and was converted at that time. Shortly after he united with the First church, and four or five years later he and his wife transferred their membership to Plymouth church, because it seemed to be the right thing in order to help make another strong church.

He was over thirty years a member of that church, and active in it. About five years ago he transferred his membership to the First church because it was only two blocks from his home, and, as he said, he had but a little while longer to attend church, and he wanted to be able to get to as many services as possible. In these later years his church was the greater part of his life.

He became a deacon in the First church, and its Standing Committee have been indebted to him for much wise counsel. He insisted on attending the services and doing his whole duty as an officer even when he was so feeble that some of the young men felt it best to escort him to his home after the services.

Speaking with a friend concerning his lodge a few months ago, he made the remark that he fully appreciated his lodge, but his church came first.

His Bible class in the Sunday-school of the First church has been one of its main features, and although other teachers have been compelled to take his place it is still known as "Judge Sawyer's Class." For the last two or three years he has been in feeble health, and two years ago suffered a shock of paralysis which left a decided impress upon his mind, so that he was drowsy for most of the time, but it did not interfere with the tenderness of his Christian spirit or the earnestness of his faith. He leaves a wife and four grown children.

## As Others See Us—An Ideal Preacher.

By a Layman.

Let me at once say, by way of preface, that by a preacher I mean an ordained minister of the gospel, as the word "preacher" is rather elastic, and so has to be clearly defined.

Preaching is either a natural gift, or an art laboriously acquired; and in either case it requires to be carefully and continually tended and cultivated; the chief danger to guard against being its liability of going to weed, and thus becoming at last simply sounding brass and tinkling cymbal; to make it quite clear, a preacher may unconsciously become a great talker without having anything interesting or especial to say, and so may foam or wheedle with always the same result: viz., nil, simple verbiage is insufferable under all circumstances.

A sermon, to be effective, could only be obtained by earnest preparation and consecrated thought and labor, and the mode of delivering it, will depend entirely on the speakers' ability and fluency; the best method however, being by having a short memorandum, giving the headings in which it is divided, and the particular points to be made, placed in front of him, and thus discoursing apparently in an impromptu and easy manner; this will avoid committing the whole to memory and so perhaps getting entangled and flurried; reading a sermon is always objectionable unless a person is quick at turning the leaves and doing it rightly.

The subject chosen should be as far as possible suitable to the occasion, corresponding with the thought then uppermost in men's minds; in other words, any current and dominant topic, local, national, or international, and always combined with divine teaching; in the absence of any such topic, a pure gospel sermon, gently leading men to thoughts of eternity and blessedness, will always be welcome; preaching of heaven than of hell, of love than of wrath, of blessing than of cursing, accompanied by soft and winning words, as thundersing and intimidation will repel rather than attract. In this connection, I have only to refer to St. Peter's and St. Paul's ways of preaching to the Jews; where the latter conspicuously failed, the former as eminently succeeded, to make my meaning clear. St. Peter, in his first sermon to the Jews at Pentecost, converted three thousand men in spite of his explicitly laying the charge of murder against them, merely because he wisely added that the promise was for them and their children, thus soothing, as it were, their ruffled feeling; on the other hand, St. Paul, whatever his other good qualities, was always impetuous and impatient with his Jewish brethren without any regard to their prejudices and their life-long training and belief, and tried to ride, rough-shod, over them by threatenings and denunciations, thus creating tumult and uproar wheresoever he appeared, whereas gentleness and patience would have wrought wonders.

The chief qualities for successful preaching are a well-modulated voice, neither too loud nor too low, fluency, simplicity, spirituality, suavity of manner, sincerity, tact and absolute transparency, and last, though not least, the knack of knowing when to stop. The time should, however, in no case, to exceed forty-five minutes.

It is absolutely imperative that in every sermon Jesus Christ should be the central figure around whom the whole discourse should revolve, failing which, one might as well preach to stones; men who attend

church, will not long listen to anything which is not uplifting; they hear enough on week days on science, evolution, and politics; and on Sundays they only hunger for spiritual food.

No preacher will succeed who does not always act in accordance with his teaching; works are more potent than words in his case.

A preacher ought never to allow himself, for the sake of making a point, or under any other pretext, to depreciate or ridicule anything that is in the Bible, however strong the temptation might be, for where ridicule is, nothing can be holy; and even if he happen to hold a contrary opinion to the general belief about any particular matter, let him keep it to himself and not introduce discord so long as that belief is within the ordinary meaning and interpretation of the Scriptures.

A preacher's chief difficulty is the preparing of two powerful and appropriate sermons for the same day; it is a task even for the cleverest of men, and the only way to get over it, is to reserve the best and the more important of the two for either morning or evening, according to the size of his congregation, as in most churches either the morning audience is larger or the evening.

Finally, I already hear many a preacher say, "All these things have I kept from my youth up: what lack I yet?" and I also hear the Master's answer, "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and come and follow me."

We all know that Jesus was anointed to preach the gospel to the poor, and to heal the broken-hearted; the question then is, Are you doing your duty to the poor? How many poor can you count in your church? "Oh," you say, "the church is open to all"; but that is not enough; you know that many of the poor feel they are not wanted in the church—they are in somebody's way; their clothes are not of the right sort; their persons are not clean; they smell of tobacco; they can bring no strength to the church, and so on. Now, we are expressly told that Jesus went about doing good, and his work was chiefly, if not altogether, among the poor, and you, as his disciple, are likewise to help to bring the poor into the kingdom. Of course, the Salvation Army and other such organizations are doing a noble work, but that does not absolve you from your own duty; You say you have no time for this sort of work; then get your young people, the Endeavorers, to do it; let them visit the houses of the poor of evenings, and induce men and women to come to church and hear the gospel, and bring their children to the Sabbath-schools, giving them all a hearty welcome. Those who pay for their seats in the church are quite entitled to the best, but there is plenty of other space available for the poor.

The present chief boast of many a church is how many rich and fashionable people it can count among its members, and how much money it gives during the year to different objects, but all that reminds one of the church of the Laodiceans that we read of in the Revelation, "Because thou sayest, I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind and naked."

"And he lifted up his eyes on his disciples and said, Blessed be ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of God." Amen!

## Northern California.

San Francisco, Fourth.—A Christian Endeavor Society of twenty-two members was organized last Sunday, reached \$1,000.

## Inland Empire Letter.

By Iorwerth.

On June 12th, a fellowship meeting was held at the Carpenter church, Walla Walla county, Mrs. Elvira Cobleigh, pastor. Rev. Austin Rice, President Penrose and Rev. A. R. Olds of Walla Walla, with the pastor, participated. On the following day meetings of the same nature were held at Wallace, Idaho. Rev. Edmund Owens of Mullan, Rev. O. F. Thayer, Wardner, and Supt. W. W. Scudder participated. Mrs. Swinerton of Wardner read a paper. The work at Dayton, under the pastorate of Rev. J. D. Jones, continues to make substantial progress. The old church building has been sold and lots in a more favorable location purchased. Plans are in process for the erection of a new church edifice to cost about \$6,000. About \$4,000 have already been subscribed. The building is expected to be completed by the first of the year. The ladies' society of the church has a membership of seventy, and they are aggressive in every line of church work. The annual report of the Walla Walla church recently published is in every respect complete and shows wholesome progress in all lines of Christian activity. It contains the names of all the officers and their greetings. Reports of Clerk, Treasurer, Trustees, Finance Committee, Bible school, Christian Endeavor Society, King's Daughters, Woman's Missionary Society, Ladies' Aid Society and Standing Committee. It also contains a list of members revised, making a total of 239. The grand pipe organ, the gift of Miss Louise Baker, has added greatly to the impressiveness of the services of the church. The ministry of Rev. Austin Rice is appreciated by an increasing congregation, among them a large number of students of Whitman College.

Woodcock Academy, Ahtanum, closed its year last week with fitting exercises. Rev. O. B. Whitmore of Natchez preached the baccalaureate sermon in the morning, and Rev. G. P. Merrill of Sunnyside gave the address to the students in the evening. Their subjects were respectively "The Reasonableness of the Christian's Hope" and "A Life Motto: Covet the Best Things." One young lady graduated in the academic course. Rev. Rosine M. Edwards resigned as principal of the Academy, and Prof. E. S. Woodcock was elected to the position. Miss Edwards is now with her parents at Pendleton, Ore. "A Reply to Prof. Bownie's 'The Whitman Legend,'" is the last production of Myron Eells, D.D. It is a pamphlet of 121 pages, published by the Statesman Publishing Company, Walla Walla. The price is 25 cents a copy. It is a thorough discussion of Prof. Bownie's article in the American Historical Review, and also of the article of Prof. Marshall. This is no place to make an extended review of this able work, only to testify that it is calm, candid and convincing. His positions are defended and fortified by many witnesses and incontrovertible facts. The book deserves a wide circulation.

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Cheerfulness is an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart.—Samuel Smiles.

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The world will freely agree to be Christian tomorrow, if Christ will permit them to be worldly today.—Arnot.

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Happiness is increased not by the enlargement of the possessions, but of the heart.—John Ruskin,

## Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes

The event of the week, so far as the First church of Portland is concerned, was the very hearty and enthusiastic call extended last Thursday evening to Rev. Elwin L. House, D.D. of Providence, R. I., to become the permanent pastor. While it is not positively known what Dr. House will do in the premises, it is firmly believed that he will accept.

After an absence of nearly fifty years, Mr. George W. Higgins returned to Portland from Chicago during the past week for a brief visit. He came here first in April, 1850. Being a carpenter and builder he soon found employment in erecting a number of the early frame houses of this city. It was not long before he was found by Rev. Horace Lyman, he of blessed memory, who was the founder and leading spirit in organizing the First Congregational church in Portland. The house of worship of this body was built by Mr. Higgins and his partner, Mr. McDonald, and it was dedicated June 15, 1851. Mr. Higgins built the first Catholic church in this city also. During his call at the rooms of the Oregon Historical Society, he met Horace S. Lyman, eldest son of the first pastor, and had a very pleasant interchange of reminiscences.

The past has been commencement week in about all the educational institutions in the State. The weather was ideal in every respect, being neither too cold or too hot, but just at that temperature when all mankind can and does abundantly rejoice. At no place was there greater interest and enthusiasm than at Forest Grove on the 18th inst., and the attendance from abroad was large. Among the special guests were Mrs. Elizabeth Millar Wilson of The Dalles, who came from New York in 1851, via the Isthmus of Panama, to become a teacher in Tualatin Academy, and Mrs. Sarah F. Abernethy, whose father, W. H. Gray, came to Oregon in 1836 with Dr. Whitman. A number of the alumni of the early years were present, among them H. W. Scott, Portland; Edwin Eells, Tacoma, Wash.; Rev. Myron Eells, D.D., Twana, Wash.; and Mrs. Harriet Clark Ebert, a daughter of Rev. Harvey Clark, who came to Oregon in 1840, and was President of the first Board of Trustees.

At the beginning of commencement day exercises Rev. S. M. Freeland uttered the invocation, and then the University chorus rendered Gounod's "Praise Ye the Father."

The principal features of the morning program were the orations by the senior class, as follows: "The Evolution of National Ideals," Walter A. Dimick; "Activity," Richard Walter Faulkner; "A Demand of the Times," Vesta Muzella Lewis; "A Leader of His People," Abel Meresse; "Two Empire-Builders," Harold Burr Millis; "Lamps of Fiction," Harriet Eva Scholfield; "The Dignity of Service," Arthur Elias Yoder. In every case careful treatment, independence of thought, and good delivery characterized the effort. Musical numbers were a violin and vocal solo.

At the conclusion of the exercises, Dean Ferrin, in behalf of the trustees and faculty, conferred the degree of A.B. upon Miss Lewis, of B.S. upon Messrs. Dimick, Faulkner, Meresse, Mills and Yoder, and of B. L. upon Miss Scholfield.

The Association Alumni held its annual business meeting at noon. Milton W. Smith of '78 was elected President for the ensuing year; W. S. Fletcher, Vice-President; and J. R. Robertson, Secretary and Treasurer. The corporation dinner was served by the ladies

## THE PACIFIC.

of the Congregational church in the Masonic Hall. Dean Ferrin, as toastmaster, spoke of the good work of the year, and feelingly referred to the changes since last commencement, when Judge Raleigh Stott, who has since passed away, pledged the generous support of the alumni.

"The Friends of Pacific University" was the toast to which Rev. S. M. Freeland responded in his felicitous manner, and then spoke of the value of the patience that can wait. Hon. W. N. Barrett of Hillsboro, class of '79, responded for the alumni. He expressed the feeling that the graduates must be ready to support the institution by speaking a good word for the work done at Pacific University. Professor J. W. Marsh, who for thirty-five years has been a member of each class, the friend and companion of the students, spoke of the life of the college. Professor C. E. Bradley also spoke for the associate faculty of Pacific University and its successes. Edwin Eells spoke of the early life in Forest Grove before modern building had replaced the first primitive houses, and gave interesting reminiscences.

As a representative of the women who have gone out from Pacific University, Mrs. Ella Scott Latourette spoke of the "more abundant life" offered to the young people today; also Mrs. Catharine Lansing Robertson who has been an efficient officer of the Association Alumni for several years. Mrs. Robertson said Pacific University does not turn out "graduates," but "men and women."

Walter A. Dimick responded to the "The Class of 1902," and in behalf of his class expressed appreciation of their reception to the Associate Alumni, and pledged their loyal support.

C. J. Millis of Portland spoke in behalf of "The Fathers and Mothers of 1902." B. Scholfield of Forest Grove, father of another member of the class, spoke of the great progress in thought and life.

Professor R. L. V. Lyman, in charge of the Department of Public Speaking, who is granted leave of absence for the coming year, that he may pursue a post-graduate course at Harvard, said the credit of any success that had come to the institution was due to personal effort on the part of the students; that success never comes but as the reward of effort.

Rev. C. F. Clapp, in behalf of the trustees, made the concluding speech at the corporation dinner. Mr. Clapp's text was "The Value of the Small College in Building Strong Character."

In the evening the Associate Alumni of Pacific University celebrated its thirty-second anniversary in Marsh Hall. Last year Judge Raleigh Stott of Portland, class of '69, was chosen president of the Association. It was with regret that the meeting convened, knowing that during the year Mr. Stott had passed away. Vice-President W. S. Fletcher, '02, presided. The evening was opened by prayer by Rev. Myron Eells, formerly a student of Pacific University. The Alumni Quartet Wheelock Marsh, C. E. Bradley, W. S. Fletcher and Professor H. L. Bates, sang the college song, "Alma Mater," followed by "Old College Chums."

The annals, by T. H. Adams, '94, were very interesting. A paper on "Pacific Coast Literature," presented by Miss Nellie Lee, '90, preceded the principal address of the evening.

Mrs. F. J. Raley of Portland sang "The Message" and "The Slumber Boat Song" in a most pleasing manner. Milton W. Smith, '78, the principal speaker of the evening, spoke on the subject, "Love of Books." The address was strong and very interesting. Mrs. Wilson

gave an interesting talk on "Reminiscences of Pacific University." The last number on the program was "Barnby's Luna," rendered by the Alumni Quartet, composed by Mrs. Emma Bradley, '96, and Miss Gertrude Marsh, '01, sopranos; Miss Winifred Marsh, '00, and Miss Nellie Lee, '90, contraltos; J. W. Marsh, '86, and C. E. Bradley, '97, tenors; A. E. Yoder, '02, and W. S. Fletcher, '00, bassos.

The thirtieth annual meeting of the Oregon Pioneer Association was held on June 18th. It was the most largely attended of any in the history of the organization. The enrollment was 1,040. Every year was represented from 1839 to 1859, the latter being the limit of pioneer era, as then the territory became a State. In 1901 the enrollment was 927, the average age being sixty years. Of these thirty-five passed to the great majority during the year.

Portland, June 22, 1902.

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### Ruskin's Analysis of Mud.

"What dirty, dreadful, disgusting stuff!" exclaimed a man, regarding that peculiarly unpleasant compound, the mud of London streets.

"Hold, my friend," says Ruskin; "not so dreadful after all. What are the elements of this mud? First, there is sand, but when its particles are crystallized according to the law of its nature, what is nicer than clean, white sand? And when that which enters into it is arranged according to a still higher law, we have the matchless opal. What else have we in this mud? Clay. And the materials of clay, when the particles are arranged according to their higher laws, make the brilliant sapphire. What other ingredients enter into the London mud? Soot. And soot in its crystallized perfection forms the perfect diamond. There is but one other—water. And water, when distilled according to the higher law of its nature, forms the dew-drop resting in exquisite perfection in the heart of the rose.

"So, in the muddy, lost soul of man is hidden the image of his Creator; and God will do his best to find his opals, his sapphires, his diamonds and dew-drops."—Dominion Presbyterian.

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Blessed thought! He does not drive His people, but leads them, ever going on before, lighting up the way so that we cannot go astray if we but keep our eyes constantly upon the Leader. We need to be led. Our experience has taught us that it is impossible for us to keep in the strait and narrow path without assistance. We have tried many times to walk in our own strength, only to fail. But why should we go on stumbling and falling, at nearly every step, when the Master is ready to lead us all along the journey of life? He knows our failings. He remembers how the thorns and briars line the road on either side, and like a loving Shepherd, looks with compassionate mercy upon us, His torn and weary sheep. Is He willing to lead us? Yes, far more willing and anxious to lead than we are to be led. The way that He leads is the only way for us to go if we would render acceptable service to Him. He knows best where to lead us in order that the best that is in us may be properly developed, and we are obeying Him only in so far as we faithfully follow His leading. Let us place our weak, trembling hand in His strong grasp, and then with childlike trust, follow where He leads. He does not assure us that our way shall be strewn with roses, but we are promised a safe passage through all the trials of earth, and finally a triumphant entrance into our home above.—Geo. D. Gelwicks, in New York

# Our Boys and Girls.

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## Eating His Way.

Freddie despised the multiplication table. It was easy enough to learn to read and spell; and writing wasn't anything. But it made you ache all over to say your tables. My, how it made you ache! And you couldn't remember.

Mamma got up and went out of the room. When she came back she had the glass jar of tiny-colored candies that you put on birthday cakes in her hand. She was opening it and pouring out a splendid heap on the tablecloth.

"My!" breathed the boy who could not remember and who didn't like multiplication.

"Now," said she, brightly, "here are five little candy dots in a row. Here are eight rows. How many candy dots?"

"Forty," promptly.

"Yes. Now make seven times five and four times five and the rest. When you have made the whole table, learn it. When you have learned it, eat it!"

"Oh!"

It was the most splendid way to learn your tables! Freddie forgot they were tables. They were tiny red and yellow and white candies. He went to work with a will, and when the teacher—that is, mamma—said, "School's out," he had learned his five tables. He didn't eat it till after school.

The next day they went back and reviewed the two tables, and the next day after the three, and the next day after that the four. Freddie had little picnics out in the backyard and shared the multiplication-tables—I mean the candy-dots—with the next-door twins.

The next-door twins were six, like Freddie; but they went to school with the blackboards and desks in it. One day the next-door twins' teacher was making their mother a call. Freddie was making one on the next-door twins.

"Don't you go to school, little boy?" the teacher asked.

"Oh, yes'm," politely.

"Oh, you do? Well, I suppose you think the multiplication-table is perfectly dreadful, too?" she asked, smilingly.

"Oh, no'm!" eagerly. "I'm very fond of mine."

"Indeed! How far along are you?"

"I've only eaten as far as seven times seven, yet," said Freddie. And he went home wondering why the next-door-twins' teacher had opened her eyes so wide.—Annie H. Donnell, in "Youth's Companion."

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## Be Courteous, Boys.

"I treat him as well as he treats me," said Hal.

His mother had just reproached him because he did not attempt to amuse or entertain a boy friend who had just gone home.

"I often go in there, and he doesn't notice me," said Hal again.

"Do you enjoy that?"

"Oh, I don't mind! I don't stay long."

"I should call myself a very selfish person, if friends came to see me and I should pay no attention to them."

"Well, that's different; you're grown up."

"Then you really think that politeness and courtesy are not needed among boys!"

Hal, thus pressed, said he didn't exactly mean that; but his father, who had listened, now spoke:

"A boy or man who measures his treatment of others by their treatment of him has no character of his own. He will never be kind, or generous, or Christian. If he is ever to be a gentleman, he will be so in spite of the boorishness of others. If he is to be noble, no other boy's meanness will change his nature."

And very earnestly the father added:

"Remember this, my boy—you lower your own self every time you are guilty of an unworthy action, because some one else is. Be true to your best self, and no boy can drag you down."—Pacific Christian Advocate.

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## The King of Italy and the Peasant.

Here is a little story about the young king of Italy which is being printed in the Italian papers and which is worth reproducing. The king was staying in the country at his palace in Raccorrigi. He is little known to the people there, for in his walks about the neighborhood he always strives to preserve his incognito. Hence come some curious adventures. One day, while out tramping, he got very thirsty, and seeing a woman milking a cow in a field near by, he went up to her and asked her for a glass of milk.

"I can't give you any of this," said the woman; "but if you'll mind the cow, I'll go to the house and get you some."

So the king minded the cow till the woman returned with a glass of cool milk. Then he asked where all the farmhands had gone.

"Oh, they're always running away now to try to see the king," answered the woman.

"And why do you not go? Don't you want to see the king?"

"Some one must stay and look after things."

"Well, little mother," smiled the guest, "you see the king without running away from your work."

"You're joking!" exclaimed the woman, who could not believe that a monarch could be so quietly dressed. But when the king put a gold coin into her hand, she fell on her knees, while he continued his walk, laughing over the incident.—Woman's Home Companion.

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## How to Treat Your Sister.

It is the easiest thing in the world for a boy to be kind to some other fellow's sister. Why is it that some of them find it so hard to remember to be equally courteous to their own sister? Many a boy is rude to his sister without really realizing it; in other words, he forgets to be polite. Then, again, he is afraid of being dubbed as "sissy" if he should be caught paying some attention to his sister. It is a bad habit for any one to get into—that of saving one's polite ways for outside.

If she asks you a question, don't answer her in a rude or careless manner, as if you thought she did not know what she was talking about, and wasn't worth listening to.

Don't tease her or make fun of her in a way to hurt her feelings. You won't do that to some other girl.

You can depend on the boy who is kind and thoughtful to his own sister, for you may be sure he will develop into the right sort of a man, and is bound to win the respect and admiration of every one.—The Christian Guardian.

## The Home.

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### When Lincoln and Beecher Prayed Together.

During the year 1862, the hopes of the North were at their lowest ebb. It was in that year that the second battle of Bull Run had been fought and lost, McClellan was entrenched before Richmond, and the strength and resources of the nation seemed to have been fruitlessly wasted. Henry Ward Beecher was then in Brooklyn, and was perhaps more prominently associated with the cause of the North at that time than any other minister of the gospel. He had preached and lectured and fought its battles in pulpit and press all over the country, had ransomed slaves from his pulpit, and his convictions and feelings were everywhere known.

Late one evening a stranger called at his home and asked to see him. Mr. Beecher was working alone in his study, as was his usual custom, and this stranger refused to send up his name, and came muffled in a military cloak which completely hid his face. Mrs. Beecher's suspicions were aroused, and she was very unwilling that he should have the interview which he requested, especially as Mr. Beecher's life had been frequently threatened by sympathizers with the South. The latter, however, insisted that his visitor be shown up. Accordingly the stranger entered, the door was shut, and for hours the wife below could hear their voices and their footsteps as they paced back and forth. Finally, toward midnight, the mysterious visitor went out, still muffled in his cloak, so that it was impossible to gain any idea of his features.

The years went by, the war was finished, the President had suffered martyrdom at his post, and it was not until shortly before Mr. Beecher's death, over twenty years later, that it was known that the mysterious stranger who had called on the stormy winter night was Abraham Lincoln. The stress and strain of those days and nights of struggle, with all the responsibilities and sorrows of a nation fighting for its life thrust upon him, had broken down his strength, and for a time undermined even his courage. He had traveled alone in disguise and at night from Washington to Brooklyn to gain the sympathy and help of one whom he knew as a man of God, engaged in the same great battle in which he was the leader. Alone for hours that night the two had wrestled together in prayer with the God of battles and the Watcher over the right, until they had received the help which he had promised to those who seek his aid. Whatever were the convictions and religious belief of Abraham Lincoln, there is no doubt that he believed in prayer, and made that the source of his strength.—Samuel Scoville, Jr., in "Sunday-school Times."

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### Maxims for Young Men.

A young man beginning a business career, if he has the ability, can almost be assured of success by following a few simple rules:

Absolute honesty is the first essential. No one can be trusted with important business unless his integrity is beyond reproach.

Temperate living follows close on the heels of honesty, enabling a young fellow to maintain a clear mind in a sound body.

Modesty is another thing. The cheeky fellow is not

popular with his employer or the public. But modesty always commands respect.

Never miss an opportunity to make a friend. Never neglect an opportunity to help a friend. Be unfailingly loyal to your business associates. A large number of friends is always an element of strength in business life. Membership in some good Christian church is a strong aid to honest and temperate living, and a good place to form true, lasting friendships.

Another most important matter is the spirit with which one does his work. The young man who will give his entire mind to his work, watching carefully every detail, making as few mistakes as possible, doing the work of his employer as though all the responsibility and profit were his own, will (even with moderate ability) become indispensable to the business. Such men are sought after every day. So many men work without thinking and work along in ruts, watching the clock for quitting time, that the man who thinks as he works, and thinks solely about his work, and makes it his master passion, will find himself in great demand.

Be patient and persevering. Sometimes we give up on the eve of great success. Be sure you are fitted for the career you have chosen, and then stay with it until you win.

Test these rules by watching some successful business man of your acquaintance.—Geo. I. Cochran in "Epworth Herald."

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### Sifting Character.

"Weakness turned into power! His failure made an eternally helpful thing to his brethren in all ages. His fall and rising again made the doctrine of divine forgiveness a vital energy in his sermons and letters. After this experience what gospel had he to preach. He knew by experience the unforgetting, rescuing love of the Christ—the grace of God. Oh, what a reality it was to him. Pentecost rings yet with the eloquence of that once broken heart. Hope in Christ; oh, what a certainty did it have to him. His first letter is called 'the epistle of hope.' Jacob, the Supplanter, had been made Israel, Prince of God. And now Peter was sifted out of Simon—sifted out with an experience which made him a ceaseless strengthener of men. Oh, Simon! are you being sifted? Tried by your wealth, tried by your poverty, tried by joys, tried by sorrows, stand up to God's purpose. There is a Peter in you and God is overruling everything that he may be brought out. Do not faithlessly resist the divine purposes. Do not throw aside every possibility of your nobler self by declining the sifting processes of life. It is not a hopeless, but a most hopeful process. 'Simon, I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.' 'Help my brethren,' you say. Yes, but first you must be helped—like Peter turned again to the all-helping goodness. Shall we resist being made strong and true by the sifting of life? No; by God's help let us say: 'Permit anything, Lord God, any trial, any sifting, only sift me out of my weakness, only bring out the Peter out of the Simon, and then let me by my sorrows and my sifted power strengthen my brethren.'

In St. Luke's gospel we are told  
How Peter in the days of old  
Was sifted.

And now though ages intervene,  
Sin is the same, while time and scene  
Are shifted."

—F. W. Gunsaulus.



## 12 Minutes for Lunch.

That is the average time spent in a large city restaurant by three thousand lunchers. It takes three hours to digest a fresh egg soft boiled; three hours to digest a boiled apple dumpling; three hours to digest fresh roast beef. In fact, three hours is about the time required to digest the average twelve minute lunch. The object of the hasty lunch is to let the busy man get back to his office work. But when the brain is active, the stomach is inactive for lack of necessary blood. The natural consequence is indigestion, and indigestion opens the door to many diseases.

Indigestion is cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, and enables the perfect digestion and assimilation of food.

"It is with heartfelt gratitude that I send this testimonial which I wish you to publish with my name and address," writes Mr. Willis Seaman, of Washingtonville, Orange Co., N. Y. "I had stomach trouble from childhood and suffered with it more or less as I grew up. At the age of 26 I was broken down with dyspepsia. My suffering was terrible. Could not eat without distress. Could only eat a few certain things and was not able to work half the time. Everything I tried only gave me temporary relief. My wife finally persuaded me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pleasant Pellets.' I took six bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two vials of Dr. Pierce's 'Pleasant Pellets.' I then felt so well that I stopped taking medicine. Several months have passed and I can do the hardest kind of work, can eat anything that is set before me and enjoy it. I am 27 years old and this is the first time I have ever been well."

*Free.* Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser in paper covers is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only; or 31 stamps for cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Now, I want you to think that in life troubles will come which seem as if they never would pass away. The night and the storm look as if they would last forever, but the calm and the morning cannot be stayed; the storm is in its very nature transient. The effort of nature, as that of the human heart, ever is to return to its repose, for God is peace.—George Macdonald.

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## TOO EASY-GOING TO BE RIGHT

Mere good nature is not the end for which the world exists. Nor is it the law by which we should control our conduct. There is a "good-natured" tolerance of evil in other men, by which we help them to their sins, and become their passive accomplices. There is a "good-natured" lying, which seems to say what is pleasant rather than what is true, and it undermines social truthfulness. There is a "good-natured" endurance of encroachment upon rights which we should guard, not only for our own sake so much as for that of society. And there is a "good-natured" avoidance of honest testimony against the world's evils, which reduces us to mere ciphers in the battle for the kingdom of God. There is need for all the really "good nature," the courtesy, the cheerfulness, the brotherliness, we can muster. But for this vicious "good nature," which seeks only the pleasant and the easy, neither earth nor heaven has any need.

"On the cross Jesus showed himself the perfect Son. Look at him, my boys, and learn how beautiful and noble a thing filial love is. Learn to love your mother tenderly, considerately, lastingly. Never let her have to bow her head with shame on your account, or have her hair whitened by your sins, but be always proud of you, and wear your fair fame as her dearest ornament. Learn to cherish the ambition to be able, when she is old, to make her comfortable, and to smooth the pathway by which, leaning on your arm, she may descend contentedly to the grave. Would you like to be and do all this? Then become the friend of the perfect Son, and he will make you like himself."—Dr. James Stalker.

We should consecrate the great things of life to God. We should consecrate the vital and essential forces. We should consecrate the things which we feel truly impelled to give. We should make a definite consecration, item by item. We should give to God not only the things which are largely within our own volition, but the things which concern us and yet are beyond our control.

Andrew Murray says, "Lack of much prayer is a symptom of a

diseased state of heart." The more men love God, the more they will love to talk with him.

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**FACES.**

Dr. Scudder says if he were asked what impressed him most when in Japan, he should reply, without hesitation, the faces of the Christian women, especially those who have been trained in Christian schools.

I asked a converted Jew what induced him first to consider the Christian religion. His reply was, "The happy faces of Christian people. There is not anything in the Jewish religion to make people happy," he said.

The face tells something of the inner life. Some faces which would be homely are yet very attractive and beautiful, because they reflect an inner life of unselfishness and purity. A selfish, ill-natured, impure life shows it in the face. Cultivate the heart if you want a good face.

One of the remarkable things about the battle going on in the land is that many of the holiness fighters can not keep away from holiness meetings.

## We Catch the Steamer.

**O**N EXPORT TRADE, an important fact in the saving of time is that of placing goods on the return steamer for the Orient. SMITHS' CASH STORE, at 25--27 Market Street, San Francisco, claim to accomplish this desirable end for the benefit of their customers, and allow nothing to prevent. \*

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as Arnold.

Character is what we are. Reputation is what people think we are. There are good people who prefer a good reputation to a good character. We have seen people who wanted a good character but were afraid to risk their reputation to obtain it. Some of the best people in the world have been "of no reputation."

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If you put light under a bushel it will go out. A person who can read the Bible through and not see holiness is like one who reads an arithmetic through without seeing any figures.

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